

FADE IN:

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

EXT. THE EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY, THE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

THE UNITED STATES OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, BROOKLINE  
MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 20<sup>TH</sup> 1913

Rain pours down in buckets upon the CROWD of thousands that are in an uproar as they charge down the fairway behind the TEENAGER IN KNICKERS.

EDDIE (V.O.)

We ain't gots no money or fancy duds like them.  
We don't belongs here they said, us poor street  
kids. But Francis, that's him up there ...

LITTLE EDDIE LOWERY, ten year old rough and ready street kid, our narrator and the teenager's caddy, carries an old golf bag as big as he is and tries to keep up.

EDDIE (V.O.)

He said he heard different words that comes from  
inside and those are the only words he hear'd.

Eddie looks down to the puddles as he splashes through them.

EDDIE (V.O.)

He said them other things people say, slides off  
him like water off his old boot.

Eddie's soaked boots step in a deep puddle.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I said I see water running off my boots but my  
feets still get wet. He laughed at me when I says  
this, he did.

A large paw of a hand pats Eddie on the back as the masses divide forming a tunnel to the undulating green that reveals itself as the center of the universe.

EDDIE (V.O.)

He told me this was the only place where we was  
all equals, but he didn't play to beats other  
people, he said, even though I kwow'd he could  
beats people lots bigger.

The crowd ROAR becomes deafening as Eddie approaches the green dragging the bag in the mud.

EDDIE (V.O.)

He told me he played cause it made him feel ...  
free.

We PULL BACK to reveal the massive crowd that overflows beyond the fairways to the surrounding streets as far as the eye can see.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE - DAY

THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE MASSACHUSETTS 1912

Arms stretched wide and hands clenched tightly to the fence, FRANCIS OUMET, (pronounced Wee met) sixteen years old, scrawny, wearing tattered clothing and a floppy hat, gazes through the barrier.

Hanging out of his back pocket is a folded newspaper with a photograph of a GOLFER.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I first seen him sneaking around watching them  
blue bloods play. That was before he got the  
magic.

In front of Francis, a tree lined fairway tunnels upward to the magnificent clubhouse, the main building of The Country Club at Brookline which is the playground of the Boston elite.

Strolling up the fairway with MANSERVANTS carrying their bags are WELLSLEY WEDDINGTON II, fiftyish, dressed in pastels and his teenage son, WELLSLEY WEDDINGTON III, dressed to match.

Beyond the golfers, a large grandstand where parasols abound, is filled with elegantly dressed CLUB MEMBERS sipping mint juleps served by WAITERS in black and white uniforms. Behind the grandstand are horse carriages and Model T's.

On the track in front of the grandstands, the JOCKEYS ready their horses and the members CHEER with approval as they enjoy the sport of kings in this splendid setting.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Once I see'd him swing that first time, I knowed  
he could play good cause he did a lot of deep  
thinking about it.

Francis observes Wellsley the II swing. Eddie looks on as Francis' gangly posture changes to grace as he makes a perfectly executed golf swing with a stick. The follow through of his swing launches him into his day dream ...

EXT. DREAMY SCOTTISH FAIRWAY - DAY

... the sparkling white golf ball rockets into the turquoise sky ... Francis dressed in new clothes, arms stretched in jubilation, runs in SLOW MOTION on the lush green fairway along the sea shore ... as the kilt donned SCOTTISH CROWD CHEERS as ... the bag

pipes play a SCOTTISH JIG as Francis jumps in the air ... his feet, wearing new golf shoes, land on the fairway ...

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE - DAY

... and his old tattered shoes slip out from under him as Francis falls down to his rump. He reaches underneath himself and picks up the old gutta percha golf ball, looks at it for a beat, then slips it into his pocket.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Sometimes he did things dumb so I started hanging around in case things need a fixin' or there was trouble.

Wellsley the III hits an errant shot that bounces through the trees, past a sign that reads: OUT OF BOUNDS and ricochets off the fence ahead of Francis. Francis observes Wellsley slips a ball from his pocket and drops it on the edge of the fairway.

WELLSLEY

I found it father.

From across the fairway, Wellsley the II waves. Francis LAUGHS aloud and quickly covers his mouth. Wellsley quickly looks up to catch a glimpse of Francis. Francis ducks down. Wellsley hits his next shot and continues on.

Francis kneels down and reaches through the fence for the ball that is just beyond his reach as a golf spike stomps down on his hand pinning it to the ground.

WELLSLEY

Your dirty hands don't belong here Southie boy.

The hickory shafted mashie knives downward between the slats of the fence finding it's target in the small of Francis' back. Francis writhes in pain. Francis instinctively grabs the club.

EDDIE (V.O.)

And there was always lots a trouble.

Wellsley pulls on the club as dirt flies into his face. Eddie grabs the mashie and pulls it against the fence snapping the shaft. Eddie picks up another hand full of dirt and throws it in Wellsley's face.

WELLSLEY

You little shit.

Eddie picks up a rock and nails Wellsley right in the forehead, knocking him down. Eddie helps Francis up and they run away.

Running frantically onto the cobblestone street, Francis and Eddie are almost struck by a horse-drawn carriage. They catch their breath and continue down the street. Eddie flips the head of the mashie to Francis. Francis looks it over and smiles as he puts it in his pocket.

FRANCIS

(working class Boston accent)

Nice mashie. Thanks.

Francis rubs his aching back and sticks out his hand.

FRANCIS

Francis Ouimet.

EDDIE

Eddie Lowery.

FRANCIS

I gotta go, catch ya around Eddie Lowery.

A Model T passes by and Francis hops on the back, feet on the bumper, hitching a ride, unseen by the driver. Francis pulls a couple balls from his pocket and flips them to Eddie as the car pulls away.

FRANCIS

(yelling)

Hey, Lowery, you hungry?

One look at Eddie answers that question. Francis hops off, walks back to Eddie, puts his arm around him and they stroll down the cobblestone street together. Francis pulls out a piece of bread from his pocket and hands it to Eddie.

EXT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

It is a barrack in the garment district of South Boston. Francis bids Eddie farewell as he passes by the CHECKER, a tough old man, who maintains the watch on the sweat shop.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

Packed in like sardines, the perspiring TEENAGE WORKERS furiously sew garments in a race with the clock to ever increase production under the watchful eyes of the FLOOR WALKERS ... as the machines POUND away.

Francis peddles the sewing machine furiously and operates the hand pump to bring the needle down.

EXT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

The teenage workers exit the building one by one as the Checker hands them a coin. Francis appears, pockets his coin and turns down the alley ... there is Eddie, right where he left him. Francis smiles.

EXT. OUIMET APARTMENT - DUSK

The cobblestone street ends and the dirt road begins. Small frame tenement buildings are packed together. Francis and Eddie walk between two buildings and disappear.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DUSK

It is a well kept, lower class apartment with basic furnishings and few trimmings. Francis

and Eddie enter the back door and are startled as ... from the darkness a towering shadow appears, Francis' father, ARTHUR OUIMET, forty fiveish, barrel-chested bull of a man.

FRANCIS

Hi Dad.

ARTHUR

(working class French Canadian  
accent)

Been on that damn golf course again before  
work?

Francis hands the coin to his father.

EDDIE

You should'a seen -

Francis elbows Eddie.

FRANCIS

No way Pop. This here's Eddie. Ma, can he stay  
for dinner? He's little, ain't gonna eat much.

At the table are Francis' younger sister and brother, LOUISE, seven years old and RAYMOND, six. The kitchen is small, and sparse. Francis' Mother, MARY, 40ish, a working class woman, enters having heard Francis.

MARY

(faint Irish accent)

Who? Why sure, of course he can.

Francis and Eddie wash their hands. As Francis sits, Arthur's paw of a hand snatches the sports page from Francis' back pocket and tosses it into the garbage can.

ARTHUR

Lord thank thee for this food, the shelter over our  
'eds given us this day. May this family be  
worthy of your gifts ... and may this boy learn  
where he belongs and where he don't.

Francis and Eddie smile.

MARY

Let the children eat their dinner Father.

They all dig in.

ARTHUR

They smack that damn ball that's too littl' with a  
stick that's too thin, go fetch it, smack it again,  
go fetch it again, dink around gettin' it in a hole  
in the ground when they could'a just thrown the

littl' bugger in there and be done with it, ya know. Then the good fer' nuthins' pull it out of the hole, go fetch it some more. Rich people ain't got nothing better to do with their time. I can tell 'em what ta go fetch ya know.

Eddie laughs, mouth full of food.

MARY

Arthur!

FRANCIS

It's a game of skill and finesse Pop, just you against the course, kind of a out with nature thing. Ya know, against the elements and yourself too.

ARTHUR

You yourself will be working with me, the elements and nature all day tomorrow feeding the loom in the big shop.

LOUISE

What's finesse Francis?

As Raymond raises his milk glass, Francis flicks a pee off his fork, ricocheting it off Raymond's glass into his mouth. Eddie is impressed.

FRANCIS

Kinda like that.

ARTHUR

Francis!

FRANCIS

Sorry.

(animated to Louise)

Its like when you place the old Haskell towards the back of your stance and hit a punch shot with a mashie to keep it low in the wind and skip it tween' two bunkers and slide it into the flag and stop it with just the right backspin.

Eddie listens intensely while he eats, nodding in agreement.

LOUISE

What's a mashie Francis?

FRANCIS

Eddie, pass them mashie potatoes.

Arthur glares at each of his children. The children quickly look down at their food and eat.

LATER - Mary cleans the dishes as Francis leaps up the staircase grabbing the newspaper out of the trash as he takes the first three stairs in one leap, then stops as he grabs his back. He slowly ascends the stairs as Eddie follows him.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The room is sparsely furnished with a single bed. Eddie and Francis enter the room.

EDDIE

So you gonna be a golfer? I hear'ed they's hiring caddies at the Country Club but I ain't big enough but you is.

FRANCIS

Yeah?

They sit on the floor as Francis opens the newspaper, the headlines blaze, VARDON TOUR COMING TO BROOKLINE.

FRANCIS

Vardon is the best ever. Four time British Open Champion.

EDDIE

They don't let us kind's in there. You can't even caddy there unless a member refers ya.

FRANCIS

Yeah, maybe we should ask the member we just met for a referral after his headache goes away.

Eddie LAUGHS. Francis is lost in the paper as the golfer's picture comes to life ...

EXT. ROYAL AND ANCIENT OLD COURSE, ST. ANDREWS SCOTLAND - DAY  
THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT OLD COURSE, ST. ANDREWS SCOTLAND

We TRACK behind the golfer, dressed meticulously, moving confidently down the fairway. He approaches his ball in line with the distant flag. A burly CADDY follows him carrying a finely crafted set of clubs. SCOTSMEN line the fairway to watch the golfer with great interest.

Beyond the onlookers, the sun fades behind an ancient majestic clubhouse that is surrounded by buildings of stone. The structures are the center piece of this small Scottish community. All roads lead to The Old Course.

The caddy pulls up some grass. Vardon gazes to the sky as he inhales deeply. He turns to watch the grass fly from his caddy's fingers as he calculates the wind. He pauses.

The golfer nods to his caddy. The caddy quickly hands him a brassy and steps away. The

golfer approaches his ball and takes his address, then stares at his target, a flag on a huge green two hundred and sixty yards away.

SLOW MOTION: The swing happens naturally and the ball is launched seemingly off line, rising quickly, seventy five yards to the right of the green. The Scotsmen REACT to the apparent error.

The ball draws to the left, catching the wind, drawing... turning... the wind blows... the ball glides onto the green, takes two large hops, BANGS the stick and comes to rest three feet away. The onlookers CHEER.

The golfer is HARRY VARDON, four time British Open Champion, thirty eight years old, dark hair and handsome with prominent features, the greatest golfer in the world. He tips his hat and marches to the green as his image FREEZES and dissolves to ...

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

... the newspapers second page photo of Vardon. Eddie grabs the paper and looks at the pictures.

EDDIE

I can read some ya know. What's it say?

FRANCIS

Ty Cobb, baseballs premier player, is on his way to taking his seventh batting title... Jim Thorpe wins the decathlon and pentathlon and is declared the world's greatest athlete.

EDDIE

What else?

FRANCIS

Notre Dame beats Army as K-N-U-T-E Rockne can't be stopped. The front page said Congress debates adding Arizona to the Union.

EDDIE

How do you know all that shit?

FRANCIS

I just keep seeing things after I see em, I dunno.

Eddie notices more papers under the bed. While lifting an old leather bag from a dresser drawer, Francis rubs his wounded back with his severely callused hand.

Eddie slides the papers out as we see they are sheet music. Francis fills the bag with golf balls.

EXT. BOSTON - DAY

The bulging old leather bag ... is being hauled by Francis as he and Eddie turn a corner to



confront ... fashionable BOSTONIANS. Model T's and horse carriages maneuver around each other in this bustling city. A trolley car comes to a stop and a FINER CLASS OF BOSTONIANS filter onto the cobblestone street.

An ankle ... then a leg ... of a young girl exiting the trolley car. She is STELLA SULLIVAN, sixteen, a stunning Irish Lass with cascading hair and a captivating smile.

Francis stops cold ... mesmerized ... Stella disappears into the crowd. Eddie looks back and gestures to Francis to catch up. They enter a store with a sign that reads: WRIGHT AND DITSON SPORTING EQUIPMENT AND OUTFITTERS.

INT. WRIGHT & DITSON - DAY

It is a sportsman's dream come true with every conceivable sports item available. Francis and Eddie enter and lean over the display cases. A young male CLERK dressed neatly in a bow tie with slicked back hair, approaches them.

CLERK

You boys just get off the hay wagon? You're getting my counter all dirty.

EDDIE

(under his breath)

Na, we just gotta off your sister.

Francis elbows Eddie.

FRANCIS

He said we would like your assistance please ... to trade some outstanding gutty's for a mashie hickory shaft with a grip.

CLERK

We only do that for paying customers.

EDDIE

Yeah, well we just paid your mother.

Eddie starts heading for the door, Francis grabs his sleeve.

FRANCIS

I'm your next best customer.

The clerk reluctantly approaches the store owner MR. GEORGE WRIGHT, distinguished looking proprietor, sixtyish, bi-speckled. The clerk whispers to Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright approaches.

WRIGHT

Where're you from?

FRANCIS

We have some good balls here.

EDDIE

Big ones too.

Francis glares at Eddie. A couple of well to do GENTLEMEN look over the boys with seeming disfavor.

GENTLEMAN

Mr. Wright we'd actually like to purchase something.

Mr. Wright walks towards the Gentlemen. Francis and Eddie find their way to the golf area. Francis begins to touch the large array of hickory shafted Scottish and American golf clubs, bags and accessories.

Francis pulls out a smooth faced mashie. The club has a beautiful hickory shaft, suede leather hand-made grip and is polished to a sparkling shine.

With a certain confidence, he wields the club as if it were a sword. He slips into his address and takes a golfing stance. As he waggles the club he closes his eyes and becomes lost in his own daydream. Francis replaces it and pulls out another club.

FRANCIS

A Forgan brassie.

Mr. Wright returns.

WRIGHT

What's in the bag?

Francis does not react. Eddie just smiles.

WRIGHT

Son.

FRANCIS

Oh, I have Silvertowns, Zombies, Zodiacs and a couple of Haskells.

Mr. Wright fingers through the bag and pulls out the head of the mashie. He looks it over curiously.

EXT. WRIGHT & DITSON - DAY

Francis and Eddie exit the store. Francis holds the new club up in revelry. The reflection on the club turns to ...

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MOMENTS BEFORE DAWN

... a flickering candle that lights the room as Francis is slipping into his clothes, barely awake. Francis quietly takes out his mashie, blows out the candle and exits.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAWN

Francis stuffs bread into his mouth and a piece into his pocket. Carrying his club, he crosses to the door.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

And where do ya think your going?

Francis freezes and then slowly turns towards his father.

FRANCIS

I... I'm gonna -

ARTHUR

- Pretend your somebody your not.

Arthur crosses to Francis, grabs the club and throws it across the room. Francis is stunned.

EXT. GARMENT DISTRICT OF SOUTH BOSTON - DAY

Francis and Arthur walk along the back streets of the garment district.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

The ADULT WORKERS slave away operating the machines. Arthur speaks to the FLOOR WALKER as Francis looks on.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Francis told me that his dad was from some old place and had old thoughts ... that who people never really change and that's the way God done it on purpose.

Francis observes the rhythmic motion of the machines as their CADENCE BLENDS TO ONE SOUND ...

FRANCIS DAY DREAM

.. and transforms to the MUSIC OF A CLASSICAL PIANO ... and the workers hands DISSOLVE to hands on a piano and glide across the ebony and ivory keys ... as we see that one of the sets of hands belong to Francis ... as his hands sweep off the keys ...

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

... to the follow through of Francis' golf swing as he hits a shot off a lush green fairway as the MUSIC abruptly stops ...

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

... Arthur yanks his arm and sits him down next to a large loom.

LATER - Francis assists his father operating the large machine.

EXT. OUIMET APARTMENT - DAWN

The sun is trying to break through the low mist as Francis quietly leaves his Apartment, his

single club in hand.

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - DAWN

Francis pulls a plank loose from the fence post and crawls through.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Now Francis, he was from the same place I was  
but he had new thoughts bottled up inside him.

Francis disappears into the forest on the other side of the fence as we PULL BACK to reveal a sign that reads: THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE - PRIVATE PROPERTY NO TRESPASSING.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAWN

Francis makes sure that all is clear. He goes to the tee, drops a few balls on the ground and practices a couple of swings. He addresses the ball and swings hard and the ball sails into the fog down the fairway.

VOICE (O.S.)

(an English accent, sarcastically)

Ye ought to try and hit it a little harder.

Francis turns quickly, twisting his body, and falls to the ground. From out of the swirling mist materializes a ghostly figure. The shadow approaches.

EDDIE (V.O.)

And the morning he met Harry Vardon in the  
flesh ... All them thoughts came pouring out and  
he was changed forever.

Standing in front of him is Harry Vardon himself. Vardon is dressed in tailor-made plus fours, jacket and tie.

VARDON

What ye doing here? Something tells me ye  
don't 'ave a tee time.

FRANCIS

I..I was just practicing, I'm sorry sir. You look  
a lot like Harry Vardon. I mean Mr. Harry  
Vardon. I mean -

VARDON

- I take it ye live around 'ere lad?

FRANCIS

No, no way sir. I mean yes sir. I live kinda' here,  
uh, yeah, I'm going to caddy here. I'm a caddy  
here.

VARDON

Carry me bag for a few holes?

Vardon places Ouimet's club into his fine leather golf bag, hands the bag to Francis and they move back to the championship tee box.

VARDON

Just keep it quiet, OK laddy?

An elegantly dressed GENTLEMAN and his CADDY approach. Vardon shakes the gentleman's hand. They converse and the gentleman nods in agreement.

VARDON

Hand me Jack the Ripper. Do you know which one is the Driver?

Francis hands it to Vardon. Vardon places a steel tee in the ground and tees up a ball. CLOSE on the ball that reads: VARDON FLYER.

Vardon settles into his address and looks at ease. He takes one very fluid practice swing, obviously grooved over many years.

Francis notices that as he swings, ever so slowly and smoothly, that his eyes were closed. Vardon launches the ball into the fog, splitting the fairway. The other golfer tees off. Vardon marches down the fairway. Francis stumbles along side trying to find a comfortable position for the bag on his shoulder.

VARDON

We have a litt'le match 'ere so just carry me' bag and stay out of the way, Ok buddy boy?

FRANCIS

I'm a player too.

Vardon smiles.

VARDON

Ye' be what ye' think lad. Be what ye' think.

FRANCIS

Yes sir.

Vardon approaches his second shot from behind in direct line with the target, stalking, trance-like. He addresses the ball, positioning his hands in the Vardon Grip, and swings with such ease and grace that the whole process seems to be one continuous motion.

The ball lands ten feet over the flag and stops with terrific backspin. Vardon immediately moves toward the green as he tosses his mashie niblick in Francis' direction. The Gentleman looks on in admiration.

GENTLEMAN

Sweet Harry. Real sweet.

Francis, totally stunned and in awe of what he is witnessing, stands motionless with his mouth open. He finally gathers himself and hurries to catch up.

## EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE - MORNING

MONTAGE - Vardon playing and beating his opponent badly, Francis intensely watching his every move.

EDDIE (V.O.)

So Francis told me later that  
he didn't get golf teachings that foggy morning  
with Harry Vardon ... he got religion.

Francis watches Vardon walk down the fairway into the fog for a beat, then runs to catch up.

## EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE (GREEN) - MORNING

Vardon putts and the ball just rims the cup, Vardon tries to give it a little animated body English, lifting up his putter in reaction to the near miss. Vardon looks closely at the shaft. It is cracked.

VARDON

(to the putter)

End of the road for ye' old friend.

He tosses the putter to Francis. Francis slips into an unorthodox putting stance with his elbows protruding and takes a practice stroke. Vardon shakes hands with his opponent, collecting his winnings. Vardon turns to see Francis' stance and smiles.

GENTLEMAN

Next time Harry, I want two strokes a hole.

Vardon smiles and walks back to his bag.

VARDON

Laddy, you'll never learn to putt that a way.

Francis pauses.

VARDON

Designed that putter me'self with Young Tom  
Morris... too bad.

(a beat)

Thanks for the help lad, someday ye may be a  
good caddy.

Francis frowns. Vardon grabs his bag, hands Francis his mashie and starts walking away holding the putter. Vardon tosses the broken putter into a garbage can.

## EXT. FAIRWAY - DAY

Francis runs and catches up with Vardon.

FRANCIS

Were you always good Mr. Vardon?

VARDON

Practice lad, lots of practice, and the inside game.

FRANCIS

Excuse me sir?

VARDON

There is the physical side, like the wind, the course, the slope of each green, ye're body. And then there's me friend I played today, swinging real hard at it. That's where most folks play the game. But the secret to this game lies elsewhere lad.

Francis is confused. Vardon looks at his gold pocket watch, then throws two balls down.

VARDON

... the mind's eye ... the beauty of ...

Vardon hits a perfect shot with his eyes closed and hands the club to Francis.

VARDON

Now ye see that tree over there?

FRANCIS

Yes sir.

VARDON

Aim at that tree lad.

Francis is panicking.

VARDON

Relax to the point that the club is almost falling out of ye'er hands.

Francis fidgets around and settles down.

VARDON

Now loosen up ye'er shoulders and arms.. close your eyes.. Ey?

Francis closes his eyes.

VARDON

Now pretend that there is a little blue light inside ye, right in your middle and ye are going to turn it on. Now this light gives ye all the power and strength ye need so ye don't have to swing hard. Ey? Now I'm gonna turn ye're light on.

Vardon gently touches Francis in his solar plexus with his index finger and holds it there.

VARDON

Ye see the light coming on?

POV FRANCIS - Blackness, then a dim light.

FRANCIS

Uh, I think so, it's a little dim though, maybe I need that kite on a string thing like Ben Franklin, ya know, lighting or something.

VARDON

No lad, the lighting is in there. See it.

POV FRANCIS - A faint blue light glows.

FRANCIS

Ok. I see something.

VARDON

Now let all ye'er muscles relax and LET the light grow real bright and big. Don't try and make it big, just let it get big by itself.

(a beat)

How's it look?

POV FRANCIS - The blue light is starting to take human shape.

FRANCIS

Gettin' bigger.

A very slight glow surrounds Francis as we hear the CLASSICAL MUSIC. Vardon smiles.

VARDON

That's it laddy, feel the magic inside. Now see ye'erself taking a real easy, lazy swing, meeting the club and the ball perfectly, sweeping the ball off the grass in slow motion and see the ball sailing to the tree, rising, rising ... then slowly falling and hitting it dead center. Can ye see that?

POV FRANCIS - The blue light is a silhouette of Francis fidgeting over the ball.

FRANCIS

Sort of.

VARDON

Ey. See it a couple of times, then keeping ye're eyes closed let your body follow ye're mind laddy. Ye're our swing is always there. Ye must let go of what is hiding it, blocking it, pushing it,



pulling it. Once ye let go of everything else, ye're left with the free flow of the pure swing, ye're own pure and perfect swing unique to ye. That's the Zen of it laddy.

FRANCIS

The Zen of it?

VARDON

Like the energy of a mountain stream flowing over rocks. The natural flow doesn't worry about the rocks. It flows over them and around them naturally. It's pure energy.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY

A crystal clear stream flows over the rocks.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The tides flow in and then recede, in and out, in and out.

VARDON (V.O.)

Like the tides. To and fro in life's natural rhythm. The tides don't need to learn to flow, it's all they do.

EXT. FAIRWAY - DAY

Francis slowly sways a little.

VARDON

When you flow, all ye' have is ye're pure swing, perfect, exact and with intention ... naturally. Now stopping trying and just let it happen.

Francis takes a very slow rhythmic swing ... he hears MUSIC ... the club strikes the ball solidly, launching it to within ten feet of the tree. He opens his eyes to see the ball rolling past the tree.

FRANCIS

Wow. I hit it without seeing it.

VARDON

Oh, I think ye saw it all right and ye' heard it didn't ye'?

FRANCIS

Heard what?

VARDON

When it happens, when it really happens lad ...  
it's like a great symphony from the sky washes  
over ye'.

(a beat)

Maybe someday ye' can win a few nickels off  
ye're caddy friends ... or maybe be a champion  
and win ye're own U.S. Open.

Vardon winks at Francis and starts to walk away. Francis stands motionless with his mouth open as Vardon flips him a gold coin, then disappears into the fog. Francis retrieves the broken putter from the garbage can and takes off running at full gallop.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Francis told me once that he couldn't hardly  
remember nuthin' about his life before that  
morning.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAY

Mary is wiping down the table when Francis hurls himself through the door, holding his clubs, startling her.

MARY

What the -

FRANCIS

- I met Harry Vardon. I met Harry Vardon of  
England.

MARY

Harry who?

FRANCIS

He's the greatest golfer in the world. You should  
of heard the way he talked, like he was from  
some other world 'er something.

MARY

There's me thinking he's someone important.

FRANCIS

Ma, what I've been looking for was there all the  
time.

MARY

I know son, I'm always finding your things  
everywhere too. Try to keep them in your room.  
Now get yourself off to school, you here?

FRANCIS

I will. Mom do you have any string? I gotta fix  
Harry Vardon's putter, I mean my putter.

Mary points to the drawer. Francis grabs the string and bounces upstairs.

FRANCIS

Ma, I know about the flow.

MARY

That's nice. It even rhymes.

INT. FRANCIS BEDROOM - DAY

Francis takes the gold coin out of his pocket and hides it in a crack in the floor. He picks up his school books and exits.

INT. SCHOOL ROOM - DAY

It is an austere classroom, STUDENTS sit at their desks. An eraser swings back and forth on the end of a string ... held by Francis who is fascinating with it. A STUDENT stares at him curiously, then shakes her head. The BUZZER sounds. Francis bolts from his desk ...

EXT. OUIMET APARTMENT - DAY

... into the field, carrying garden tools. Francis and Eddie march into an over grown field of grass and weeds. Cows graze at the edge of the field in the short grass next to a brook.

FRANCIS

I see a three hole course right here.

EDDIE

I see a bunch a weeds, a swamp, a river, old  
cows and ...

Eddie steps on something squishy. Francis, paying no attention to Eddie, looks across the brook with determination.

FRANCIS

This is the first hole.

Francis charges through the weeds, thrashing as he goes.

FRANCIS

Watch where you step!

Eddie looks at his shoe.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Mary is making supper. Arthur stares out the kitchen window.

ARTHUR

Did ya know what it is they're building out there

Mary?

MARY

There own little imaginary world maybe? Where they can play and laugh and hope, ya think?

ARTHUR

A damn golfing course it is, in that field.

MARY

To you it's golfing holes in a field. Is that all you see?

ARTHUR

When I was his age I just didn't work in the mill on weekends, I worked every night and didn't have time for no day dreaming foolish games. Did ya hear what I say Mary?

MARY

I did. Maybe you should give him some old wood and tell him and his little friend to build a pretend sweat shop. Then all the kids in the neighborhood can come over and dream they work in it twelve hours a day.

ARTHUR

Now what is that supposed to mean?

MARY

That means your children need help with their homework, the sinks leaking again, then wash up, we're having stew.

Arthur just stands there. Francis and Eddie enter, Louise and Raymond follow them in.

MARY

Francis, do your chores before supper, please. Eddie, you're welcome to stay, honey. After supper, your father has a new project for ya.

LOUISE

What is it Daddy?

EXT. FIELD - DAY

MONTAGE - Francis swings the sickle in a rhythmic motion. Eddie helps with the work as it is now drudgery to him. The boys getting muddy and sinking harmlessly into the swamp. Raymond and Louise look on.

The boys cutting a clearing over the brook and flattening an area of short grass with a push mower.

They complete the crude course. Tin cans are the holes. Francis practices with his mashie.

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

Arthur is working diligently as the sweat shop is in full operating capacity. The Floor Walkers bark out their demands for more ... and more.

BANG ... Arthur is startled and turns to see sparks and machine parts flying across the room ... workers SCREAM and flee ... chaos and panic ... smoke fills the room as the textiles catch fire ... Arthur dashes towards the door.

Workers try desperately to open the back door as they pile into each other. At last, the door opens and the workers escape.

EXT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

The workers pour out of the burning building. Arthur looks back to see the smoke billow up into darkening sky. He walks away as the rain begins to pour. His arms dangle limply as he succumbs to the storm. Lightening CRASHES.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Francis hears the thunder and looks out the window.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The cows MOO anxiously as the weather rages about them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Arthur trudges down the street as others run for cover from the rain.

INT. PUB - DAY

Arthur enters, totally drenched.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Francis is oblivious to his class as he stares out the window, observing the tree branches swaying back and forth in the wind.

INT. PUB - DAY

Arthur stares at a full shot glass on the bar. He suddenly grabs it, drinks it with one swallow and slams the glass down as the lightning CRASHES.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The cows hooves pound about nervously. They begin to bump against the wooden gate that binds them.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Francis restlessly taps his pencil.

INT. PUB - DAY

Arthur slams another empty glass to the bar.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The cows pounding intensifies as Thunder CRASHES. Lightening hits a nearby tree. The cows burst through the gate.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The storm lessens as Francis leaves for home.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Francis approaches his home, he sees something disturbing. He suddenly dashes towards the field.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Francis is in shock by the sight of cows grazing all over his newly built course. The ground is in chunks as hooves tread about. One of Francis' tin cans is struck by a hoof. Francis SCREAMS as he tries to chase them away.

A cow hoof buries a golf ball in the mud. Another cow kicks a ball and it rolls away. The cows are all over the course and it is destroyed. Francis, seeing that it is no use, slowly walks away. Off to the side a golf ball slowly rolls away towards his apartment. The ball continues to be bumped and kicked by the cattle.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Francis, Raymond and Louise are seated at the table as Mary is serving supper.

MARY

I'm sorry about your little course.

LOUISE AND RAYMOND

Sorry Francis.

LOUISE

Them cows don't like golfing uh Francis?

Francis pushes his chair back as he rises. He goes to the back door and watches the rain. The cows continue to mill about on his course. They MOO. He sees something rolling towards the apartment in the mud.

MARY

Francis, sit down and eat.

An object totally covered in mud slowly trickles towards the back door. As the object rolls through a puddle some of the mud falls away.

It rolls up against the backdoor and we see that it is a golf ball. Francis looks at the ball intensely.

FRANCIS

I'll rebuild it.

LOUISE

I'll help. I got muscles.

RAYMOND

You're a girl. No way, I'll help.

FRANCIS

Thanks squirt. Both squirts.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Francis sits in front of the fire scanning the newspaper. Louise and Raymond play together on the floor. Mary sits in a chair knitting.

Francis looks at a large photo of Harry Vardon who is standing and waving to his fans from the deck of an ocean liner at dockside in Southampton, England. The caption reads, BRITISH CHAMPION RETURNS HOME.

A drunken Arthur stumbles in the front door. Mary stands. Arthur sees the newspaper.

ARTHUR

We ain't living in no country club.

MARY

What happened?

FRANCIS

I know Dad.

MARY

Can you smell sometin'?

He sniffs the air. Arthur sniffs too.

MARY

My God, tis' awful. What in heaven's name -

FRANCIS

- My balls! They're ...

A loud EXPLOSION comes from the kitchen.

KITCHEN - The oven door BURSTS open and smoke plumes from inside it. Flames leap out of the oven. Arthur rushes to open the kitchen door to let the smoke out and Mary fills a bucket with water.

The smell is obviously pungent, each of them begins to cough. Mary throws the water inside the oven.

ARTHUR

What the hell was in there?

Mary is fanning the smoke with an apron. She peers inside as rubber bands hang limply from the oven walls.

FRANCIS

My Haskells.

ARTHUR

Your what?

FRANCIS

I painted some golf balls white. I was just trying to dry them quicker. I'm sorry.

ARTHUR

That's it. I've had enough.

He grabs Francis.

ARTHUR

You're gonna clean this mess up right now.

Arthur grabs a rag and throws it at Francis. Francis kneels as Arthur ushers the family out. Louise bends down to hand Francis one of the balls. She is suddenly pulled from behind.

ARTHUR

It's his mess, he can clean it up by himself!

Francis finishes cleaning the mess as he overhears Arthur and Mary ARGUING in the living room.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

There's no more work, the damn mill is gone. I'll look for odd jobs, carrying, I dunno, maybe the docks. I'll take the boy with me.

Francis slips out the back door.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - NIGHT

It is an old Victorian church in South Boston. Francis lifts a rock to reveal a piece of metal. He uses the metal to undo the latch of the basement window. He pushes the window open.

INT. OLD CHURCH - NIGHT

An old grand piano in the dark. A match strikes ... as the candle is lit we see the dust on the piano. Francis places sheet music and sits. He pauses for a moment, then his fingers deliver us BEETHOVEN. Francis reads at first and then continues with the piece by memory as we INTERCUT ...

Arthur arguing with Mary ...

Francis playing by candle light ...



Arthur ripping up the sports pages and throwing them in the fire ...

The candle light ... then the hands on the keys ... Francis being moved by the MUSIC as he sees ...

EXT. FAIRWAY - DUSK

The fairways in the various hues of color at sunset ...

EXT. BROOKLINE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Francis paces back and forth in front of the entrance to the country club. Two elegantly dressed MEMBERS stroll down the walk way and exit the club. Francis speaks to them. They converse and the members walk away.

LATER - Francis paces. Another MEMBER exits the club. Francis approaches him.

LATER - Francis sits on the sidewalk. Another MEMBER exits the club accompanied by Mr. Wright from the sporting goods store. Francis approaches and shakes Mr. Wright's hand.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Mary stands over the sink. Francis enters.

FRANCIS

I got a job.

MARY

Your father will be proud of you son.

FRANCIS

I'm gonna be caddying at the Country Club. I start in a few days.

MARY

Oh really? I see.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

MONTAGE - Francis and Eddie are busy rebuilding the course in the cow pasture.

Francis is preparing his shot at the first tee, watched by Eddie.

FRANCIS

Vardon approaches the last hole to win his forty second British Open in a row. A crowd of twelve million limeys look on to see history in the making. Vardon is down by two strokes and must hole it from the fairway and if he does, he gets to be King of England and gets his pick of the ten fairest maidens in the kingdom.

EDDIE

What's his caddy get?

FRANCIS

A really short maiden.

Nervously, Francis raises his club and swings.

EDDIE

Wait!

Francis jerks the club to a stop.

EDDIE

The caddy don't want no short maiden.

FRANCIS

OK, a tall virgin maiden for the caddy.

EDDIE

The caddy don't need no stupid girls. The caddy wants all the Sarsaparilla sodi-pop he can drink, cherry ice cream he can eat for ever, and shoes that don't leak.

FRANCIS

Wish granted loyal nobleman.

Francis swings and the ball sails high and drops into the swamp, far short of the brook. His disappointment shows.

EDDIE

No sodi-pop, no desert, more wet feet for the nobleman and no maidens for the King. Ya gotta play with your own putter Kingy. Caddy says off with his head.

Francis determined, tees up another ball, closes his eyes.

FRANCIS

Shut up.

(to himself)

I've seen it.

Francis swings and the ball lands in the swamp.

EDDIE

Banished from the kingdom.

FRANCIS

You go banish from the kingdom. I gotta concentrate to see the magic.

EDDIE

I gotta shake the dew off my niblick.

Eddie walks into the tall grass. Francis tries again.

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

MONTAGE - Francis caddying, watching and imitating the styles and techniques of the different golfers they're caddying for.

EXT. THE FIELD - DAY

Francis practicing early in the morning and late at night trying the different styles he witnessed at the Club.

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Francis showing GOLFERS the various intricacies of the course, demonstrating extensive course knowledge and memory.

EXT. COUNTY CLUB CADDYSHACK - DAY

Francis is chatting with another YOUNG CADDY.

YOUNG CADDY

I'm gonna go home. It's getting late.

He's about to exit as Wellsley the III approaches them, the boy Francis saw in the fairway next to the polo field. Wellsley is dressed in expensive golf garb, including tailored knickers and a bow tie. He is escorted by a MANSERVANT who is carrying Wellsley's golf bag. Francis instinctively looks down to the floor.

WELLSLEY

Do any of you there know how to caddy?

The young caddy looks down. Francis looks up.

FRANCIS

Yes, I do.

WELLSLEY

Marvelous. Come with me.

Francis knows he was not recognized.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB FIRST TEE - DAY

The manservant hands the golf bag to Francis and all three walk to the first tee.

MANSERVANT

Master Wellsley, would you like to wear your jacket or prefer that I hold it?

WELLSLEY

Hold it. Which club would you recommend caddy?

FRANCIS

Well Master Weddington, This is a long shot. You need to get over that patch of rough or you're in deep trouble, so a driver is the club. If you keep it left you'll have a better approach to the green.

WELLSLEY

I didn't ask for a lesson, give me the driver.

Francis hands it to him and he tees off with a nicely styled shot but with little power.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB (GREEN) - DAY

Wellsley misses a fifteen foot putt.

WELLSLEY

Caddy, get over here and you try this putt. Tell me if the cut of this green doesn't make the ball bounce.

Francis hands the golf bag to the manservant and takes his unusual putting stance. Wellsley steps in front of him blocking the hole

WELLSLEY

No gentleman or sportsman putts like that. You look some stupid monkey. Oh forget it!

Francis rotates his aim and putts the ball off the bottom of the golf bag, banking it into the cup.

FRANCIS

You're right, the green is a bit rough. Might want to use a heavier putter or put some lead on the back of this one.

Wellsley grabs the putter out of his hand and walks off the green as the Manservant pays Francis. Wellsley gets in the back of a 1907 custom Model T. Francis looks at the coin.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DUSK

Arthur arrives home. Mary greets him.

ARTHUR

Where's that boy?

MARY

Your son caddied all day, now he's playing out back. Let him be.

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Francis is jumping up and down. Eddie emerges from the tall grass.

FRANCIS

I did it. I did it. I did-

EDDIE

- What?

FRANCIS

I hit it over the brook.

EDDIE

Ya, lemme' see.

He tees up and swings. The ball sails high but drops short.

FRANCIS

Wait. I'll show you. Ok, loose hands this time.

Francis quickly tees up another shot, swings and again he fails. Eddie, sits and studies his swing.

EDDIE

Try that loose hands thing we did the other day.

FRANCIS

I just said that.

EDDIE

I know, that's wheres' I hear'ed it.

Francis shakes his head as he tees up again and readies the shot.

FRANCIS

Ok ball, sail high and long, in an instant you'll be gone. You are fast and round and your next stop will be on dry ground.

EDDIE

Rhyming is bad luck I hear'ed once.

The ball sails higher and higher and lands over the brook.

EDDIE

Damn if you didn't bang that bugger.

Eddie stands.

FRANCIS

And luck ain't got nothin' to do with it. It's feeling the flow.

EDDIE

I hear'ed that before, I did. Yeah that flowin' thingy.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Three horses each pulling plows are dragging the home-made golf course. WORKMEN direct the horses.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT - MORNING

FRANCIS BEDROOM - Francis does a double take from the window.

KITCHEN - Francis runs downstairs, past Mary and Arthur out the back door.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

Francis runs up to one of the workers.

FRANCIS

Hey what are you doing? This is my course, you are ruining my course!

WORKMAN

Sorry kid. Hired by the owner of the land, he's gonna build on it.

Francis grabs a shovel in anger. A worker steps in and grabs the shovel and whirls it around sending Francis into the dirt.

WORKMAN

Kid, we ain't got time to play games.

Francis slowly gets up, covered in dirt and limps away.

FRANCIS

Damn it.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT - MORNING

Mary watches Arthur watch Francis out the window.

ARTHUR

That fool kid does have some spunk, don't he?

MARY

He's as stubborn as his father. Starting to curse like him too when he don't get his way.

Arthur slowly turns to his wife.

EXT. OUIMET APARTMENT - MORNING

Francis lifts his muddy shoe on the edge of the step to knock the mud off as the shoe  
MATCH DISSOLVES to ...

INT. ST. ANDREWS, THE OLD COURSE, PLAYERS LOUNGE - DAY

... a golf shoe on a bench in the elegant locker room that is built with fine wood cabinets

and brass trim. A hand ties the lace of the shoe as we DOLLY back to reveal Vardon. We TRACK with him as he walks through the players lounge, through the hallway. As he walks we hear GOOD LUCK HARRY and the CROWD NOISE outside.

Vardon exits the clubhouse to the awaiting CROWD that APPLAUDS.

EXT. ST. ANDREWS, THE OLD COURSE - DAY

A large banner is draped across the Club house pronouncing, THE 1912 BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP. Vardon makes his way towards the tee.

Other prominent PLAYERS of the day make their way to the course, including JAMES BRAID and J.H. TAYLOR and TED RAY. Ray is a huge man, walrus moustache, always dressed in a Pongee coat standing at the side of the tee. He billows up smoke from his ever present pipe.

The crowd has gathered around the first tee as Vardon, Braid and Taylor make their way through the crowd and arrive on the tee. All three players are dressed meticulously in knickers.

BERNARD DARWIN, a tall, elegantly dressed English gentleman, grandson of Charles Darwin, and renowned writer, grabs a megaphone and steps to the middle of the first tee.

DARWIN

(extending his voice)

Ladies and Gentleman! Welcome to St. Andrews, the home of golf. My name is Bernard Darwin and it is my pleasure to welcome all of you to the British Open of nineteen twelve. It is also my pleasure to welcome our first players to the tee today and that being the Great Triumvirate, Harry Vardon, J.H. Taylor and James Braid who between them have nine British Open titles... First on the tee today is the winner of the British Open in Eighteen ninety six, ninety eight, nine and ought three; Mr. Harry Vardon!

The crowd ERUPTS as Vardon tees off with a perfect shot. The players and crowd PRAISE his shot. Big Ted Ray looks on in envy.

MONTAGE 1912-1913

Vardon in various tournaments with newspaper headlines superimposed over them that include; foreign newspapers, France, Germany, Australia, India, British and American etc. ADVERTISEMENTS FOR VARDON'S CLOTHING AND GOLF CLUB LINE scatter the sports pages. The papers indicate the passage of time from 1912 to 1913.

Slowly BIG TED RAY'S name increases in appearance below the headlines. The BOSTON TRAVELLER MARCH 17, 1913 heralds yet ANOTHER VARDON WIN.

EXT. SCOTTISH GOLF COURSE - DAY

Vardon stands over a ball, club in hand. His caddy sits directly behind him to watch his form. A large pile of practice balls lay in front of him.

They are alone on the course surrounded by lush green Scottish country side. Vardon hits a perfect shot.

VARDON'S CADDY

Excellent "Arry, the release 'twas through it that time.

Vardon steps back and smells the air, gazes at the beauty of the setting.

VARDON

'Tis what it's all about. Me and the links. No crowds, no reporters, no bloody board meetings... just the game.

VARDON'S CADDY

Eye. Pure and simple.

Seagulls fly over head. Vardon watches their acrobatics.

VARDON

Can't remember the last time I played bare foot. It seems so long ago.

N/D VARDON CADDY

Ye' come a long way since then 'Arry. Never need to be bare foot agin' wit' the 'Arry Vardon golf shoe line.

Vardon looks at his shoes. The caddy laughs.

VARDON

(animated commercial voice)

Folks, buy the new Harry Vardon golf shoes will take, weight off ye're belly, and make ye' more vibrant with ye're next door neighbor's wife. They even might help ye're golf game.

Vardon swings as the club DISSOLVES to ...

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK GOLF COURSE - DUSK

... the niblick digging it's way out of the tall rough as we DOLLY back to reveal Francis.

It is a small and very basic municipal golf course. Francis chips a few more balls to the green, practicing as CLASSICAL MUSIC dances in his head ... he is in his own little world of bliss. The balls slide up to the pin, in the hole, rim the hole ...

He spots three BOYS walking down the street adjacent to the fairway. The boys have letter sweaters on and are following Wellsley and a girl. It is apparent that the boys are laughing at Wellsley's jokes.

Francis moves up for a better look. The girl is Stella. He resumes his practice and skulls a shot over the green.



EDDIE (O.S.)

Them girls are bad luck. I hear'ed that once.

Francis turns to Eddie.

EDDIE

You don't need 'em you know til' you wanna make a baby and you don't wanna do that right? So why don't you just forget it and think more about this golfing we doing here. I know about them baby making stuff and touching and all. I just never talk about it much cause you think I'm just a kid that don't know nothing do ya?

FRANCIS

Was that a question or a statement? So whatta' you know anyway?

Francis starts walking toward the practice green.

EDDIE

You know how to pinch it tight to get over a stymie? I do. See ya put it back and move the hands forward or do you wanna talk about them birds and bees shit some more?

Francis pops a practice ball off the green using the niblick in one hand and flips it to Eddie who catches it.

FRANCIS

I'm late for school, aren't you?

EDDIE

So I'm gonna wait here for the tourney to start. What time you be back? I got the day off I think. It's like milk appreciation day I hear'ed that I think.

Francis smiles.

INT. BROOKLINE SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS of all ages meander through the halls of this school that is a mix of elementary and high school. A couple of suspicious boys, JOE and EMERY are sneaking through the hallway, each carrying something that's hidden under their raincoats. They enter a door marked JANITORS ROOM.

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY

A startled Francis turns quickly trying to hide something behind his back as they enter.

FRANCIS

Shit. I thought you were those brain dead goal posts again.

They reveal that the "somethings" are golf clubs.

JOE

They got it out for you again for gawking at Stella Sullivan, the baby that's the bees knees, the part time girl friend of Wesley the III, the fortunate son who is paying the locker jocks to tell him if anybody is making a move.

FRANCIS

You don't think he actually pays them do ya?

EMERY

No, it's his deep character that interests the Neanderthals. Ouimet, have you ever thought about just walking up to her -

JOE

- and say, "Hi my name is Francis, no, it really is Francis, and I may look like kind of funny, and I'm a poor Southie kid but I have heart, and I really want to get to know you -

EMERY

Translate: "Cause when I fantasize in the bathroom you're my ultimate stroke girl."

JOE

"And I don't play football but I can hit the hell out of a brassie. Oh, you don't know what a brassie is? Would you like to see my niblick?"

EMERY

Translate: "Cause when I fantasize in the bathroom with my niblick you're my ultimate stroke girl."

FRANCIS

Stroke yourselves.

Joe and Emery lose it as ... Three FOOTBALL PLAYERS appear suddenly.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

You girls playing with yourselves again?

The jocks close in on the three skinny golfers.

FOOTBALL PLAYER

What are you looking at skinny? Are you a Ma ...

Francis quickly shoves a golf ball deep in the mouth of a football player. The boy's eyes light up as he gags, grabs his throat and falls to his knees, in panic.

Emery hits a football player in the stomach with a club and Joe hits another in the knee cap. The three golfers quickly exit.

As Francis, Emery and Joe run down the hall, bags in hand, golf clubs go flying. They scramble for them as they continue their flight. Francis picks up a club and turns to see the three football players gaining. He quickly places three balls on the floor.

He takes his address and launches the first ball low to the ground STRIKING the first player in the shin. The boy goes down, grabbing his leg in pain.

He launches the second, STRIKING another player in the groin. The player rolls over and over.

The third player is almost upon him as he launches the last ball STRIKING the largest football player in the forehead, knocking him flat.

JOE/EMERY

Bulls eye!

Francis gathers the rest of his clubs and makes his escape.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK GOLF COURSE - DAY

The scoring pole is held by a SCHOOL BOY that reads USGA BOSTON SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP. A few SPECTATORS look on, including Eddie, as well as two SCHOOL TEACHERS supervising the final match. At the fourteenth hole are six BOYS including Francis, Joe, Emery and JACK SULLIVAN eighteen years old, Francis' opponent. Mr. Wright stands behind Francis.

MR. WRIGHT

Guess that mashie took you a ways my boy. You get up and down, you win your first tournament. Easy swing.

Francis eyes his target ... a deep breath ... a long fluid swing with a niblick ... the ball lands three feet over the flag and stops.

EDDIE

(yelling out)

Sink that little pisser Francis.

Eddie draws stares. Francis approaches the green. Jack looks on as Francis sinks it. Jack winces as the loss hits him. As a gentleman and apparent sportsman, Jack crosses to Francis, hand outstretched.

Mr. Wright congratulates Francis as he looks at his bag of clubs. He pulls out the Vardon putter and looks it over. Eddie starts cleaning Francis' clubs.

WRIGHT

Your first Amateur USGA victory. Now there's something to be proud of my boy. This is an interesting putter, Scottish. You trade for this too? Shaft is cracked.

FRANCIS

Uh, no. I, uh, ...

EDDIE

He got that from Harry Vardon.

MR. WRIGHT

I'm sure he did son.

FRANCIS

I guess I'm on a lucky streak.

MR. WRIGHT

Maybe.

Francis and Mr. Wright continue walking together. A limping football player motions to Jack. They talk, not being seen by Francis. Jack smiles and pats the football player on the back. Jack runs to catch up with Francis.

JACK

Ouimet what are you doing Saturday?

FRANCIS

I dunno, working for my Dad or caddying, why?

JACK

In the evening? My family is having a big christening of my new sail boat, lots of fun. Join us old sport.

FRANCIS

Uh, I guess ... thanks Jack.

EXT. SULLIVAN GARDEN - DAY

Arthur Ouimet is carefully trimming the rose bushes. MR. SULLIVAN, Stella's father, early forties, quiet man of financial inheritance, who spends his life trying to please his wife, enters.

MR. SULLIVAN

You are doing a fine job there Ouimet.

ARTHUR

Why thank you Mister Sullivan.

MR. SULLIVAN

My wife has a proposition for you that's a little outside your normal line of work, but the pay is handsome.

MRS. SULLIVAN, an attractive, mid thirties, overbearing, social climber, enters the garden. She is examining the rose bushes meticulously. She points to several areas that she wants trimmed and frowns at Arthur.

MR. SULLIVAN

Mr. Ouimet here was just telling me that he would be available and happy to help you with our ...

Mrs. Sullivan puts her hand to Mr. Sullivan's cheek.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Of course he is available William, don't be silly, what else could he possibly have to do?

EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY

It is an elegant, private yacht club on Cape Cod. The pier is decorated splendidly with ribbons and flowers. The LADIES swirl in their long summer dresses amongst the lace tablecloths that dance in the breeze along side the fifty foot sail boat.

Mrs. Sullivan is trying ever so hard to keep the festivities rolling as she buzzes about yearning to impress. A few CHILDREN run in and out of the crowd soiling their clothes and damaging their parents precious social standing.

The female guests are busy laughing and eating with a sense of polished yet apparently sterile behavior. The MEN are very involved smoking cigars with their mugs of beer. The YOUNGER SET are engrossed within their age group, dancing and sneaking occasional sips of brew.

Jack Sullivan is surrounded by a group of LAUGHING boys we recognize from the golf match. He notices Francis' timid approach.

JACK

Hey Ouimet! Glad you could make it.

Jack whispers something to the other boys.

FRANCIS

Hi Jack, this is quite the party, I'm not sure...

Jack puts his arm around Francis.

JACK

Here, have a beer.

The boys erupt into LAUGHTER and all make Francis feel a part of the gang. The boys continue their drinking and girl watching. Couples dance, some enthusiastically, others more reserved. Francis notices Stella as Jack saunters on to the dance floor.

She is surrounded by Wellsley and some of his FRIENDS wearing lettered Harvard sweaters. Stella notices Francis' attentions. She looks straight into his eyes while continuing a conversation with her gentleman suitors. Francis shyly turns away.

Jack notices the whole thing. From the dance floor and out of breath, Jack approaches Francis.

JACK

You gonna stand there all day? Come on Mister hot shot, show these girls what a swing you've got.

Francis smiles modestly as Jack pulls him towards a group of GIRLS.

JACK

Francis this is Stella, my little sister. Now you be nice to her or those Sullivans over there will bend a golf club around your neck.

Francis looks up only to see that Stella is even more beautiful than he thought. Her exceptional eyes penetratingly close.

FRANCIS

Hello, I'm Francis Ouimet.

STELLA

We haven't met yet I'm afraid.

FRANCIS

No I mean my name is Ouimet. O-U-I-M-E-T.

STELLA

What kind of name is that?

FRANCIS

French Canadian actually.

STELLA

Oh, I see... So what do you do Francis?

WELLSLEY

Be careful Stella he's famous for putting his putter to lots of use.

STELLA

What does that mean?

FRANCIS

I think that means that I play Golf.

STELLA

Oh, so your the guy who beat Jack the other day?

I suppose you're like the rest of these guys, huh?

Just then the MUSIC STOPS and Mr. Sullivan makes an announcement.

MR. SULLIVAN

Ladies and Gentleman, it's the moment you've all been waiting for. Here comes the Big Chief to our Boston Tea party and with him he brings gifts.

The crowd bursts into LAUGHTER as we see a man dressed as an Indian Chief riding a horse through the crowd. Amidst all the APPLAUSE and LAUGHTER, Francis appears uncomfortable. He notices that Jack and his friends seem to be enjoying themselves the most.

Francis notices the man in the costume is his father. Francis hastily yet gently pulls at Stella's arm.

FRANCIS

Would you like to get something to drink?

STELLA

I find these spectacles of human behavior ever so interesting.

Wellsley interrupts.

WELLSLEY

Hey Ouimet, isn't that your old man on the horse?

Francis sees the surprise on Stella's face. As Arthur nears the couple, Francis turns away hoping to avoid his father. Arthur looks up to see his son, and his avoidance. Arthur pulls a bottle of champagne from his saddlebag and hands it to Jack. The crowd applauds.

Jack lifts up the bottle as the cork pops off causing the horse to buck. Arthur tries to control the horse as it rears its head. Suddenly the horse bolts and Arthur is thrown off backwards landing in the water with a big splash. The crowd SHRIEKS and scatters, as the horse knocks over tables and chairs.

The horse finally trots off as the onlookers are now enjoying the show even more. Stella notices Francis' humiliation and Wellsley's smile of vindication.

Arthur climbs up a ladder and back on to the pier as the audience is very amused. Francis sees his father and approaches him, towel in hand.

MRS. SULLIVAN

My party is ruined!

Mrs. Sullivan turns towards Arthur with instant anger.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Get that fool out of here now!

FRANCIS

Don't you call me father a fool.

Mrs. Sullivan storms away in a huff. Wellsley pats Jack on the back which is noticed by Stella. Mr. Sullivan approaches Arthur. Francis witnesses his father's abrupt dismissal and begins to retreat himself. He turns to say goodbye to Stella, but she has gone.

Mrs. Sullivan prompts the BAND to resume playing. As Francis walks away, Stella takes Francis' hand.

STELLA

How rude. Is your father alright?

( a beat)

You can't possibly leave without giving me at least one dance.

As Stella leads Francis towards the dance floor, Mrs. Sullivan intercepts. Wellsley and a few of the Harvard Boys gather behind her.

MRS. SULLIVAN

My dear, don't you know who that is?

STELLA

Of course I do, this is Francis Ouimet and we are about to dance so if you'll all excuse us.

Stella attempts to make her way to the dance floor once more.

MRS. SULLIVAN

You will remember your place young lady!

Stella stops.

WELLSLEY

Stella, I believe this dance belongs to me.

STELLA

So Francis, did you better my brother the other day with your skill at golf or just with your superior character?

Mrs. Sullivan jerks Stella's hand free and drags her away as the Harvard boys approach Francis.

WELLSLEY

Do you need some help finding your way out?

Francis stands his ground. Jack breaks the bottle on the bow of the boat and the crowd CHEERS. Francis retreats at his own pace.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Mary is preparing dinner as Francis enters. He looks around for Arthur.



FRANCIS

Dad home yet?

MARY

He must be running late, said he had some extra work today, go wash up before supper.

Francis hears a noise outside. Arthur enters. He stares at Francis.

FRANCIS

Dad I -

ARTHUR

Hope you enjoyed your little party.

FRANCIS

I'm sorry, I -

ARTHUR

- you shut your mouth -

MARY

- What happened?

Arthur bumps a kitchen chair, then SLAMS it to pieces.

MARY

Arthur!

ARTHUR

You ain't never gonna change who you are and I'll be damned if a son of mine -

FRANCIS

- what? I didn't know you were gonna be there.

ARTHUR

You ain't learning nothing. You are going to quit that school and come work with me full time!

MARY

I know we need the money Arthur but the boy needs to finish school -

ARTHUR

He can finish later. I started working full time when I was ten years old.

FRANCIS

Look where that got you.

Arthur grabs Francis as they awkwardly trip over shoes by the door and fall to the floor.

ARTHUR

You shut your mouth! Time you start some real learning.

FRANCIS

Ok, I'll quit school, I'll quit golf, I'll just quit everything. Maybe I'll just quit this family!

MARY

Francis!

Francis storms out of the Apartment SLAMMING the door.

ARTHUR

You get back in here, boy!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Francis runs into the graded lot. He pulls a golf ball out of his pocket and throws it as hard as he can. The ball flies high in the air and drops into the swamp.

FRANCIS

Damn it!

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

As Francis plays BEETHOVEN by candle light we INTERCUT ...

FIELD - He finds another ball and kicks it. It bounces off a tree and hits him in the shin and rolls away.

FRANCIS

Owe! Come here you little pisser.

He stomps over to it and tries to kick it again. He misses the ball and falls flat on his back and tumbles into the rocky brook behind the make-shift green.

In the fall he is knocked unconscious with his lower body half submerged in the water.

CHURCH - hands on the keys ... Francis swaying to the music.

THE BROOK - The night air turns to mist on the surface of the flowing brook's cold water. Francis position is unchanged and he has turned blue. Francis body starts to slip further into the water.

OUIMET APARTMENT - Arthur paces in the living room.

CHURCH - his playing increases in intensity.

THE BROOK - Francis slips further, his elbow against a rock the only support left. The stream flows.

OUIMET APARTMENT - Arthur sits and taps his fingers.

THE BROOK - Francis' elbow slips off the rock and he slides further downstream.

OUIMET APARTMENT - Arthur paces in the kitchen.

BROOK - Francis body reflects the moonlight as he drifts upside down. His body hits a rock and twists and turns.

CHURCH - Francis pounds the keys as the candle flickers.

UNDERWATER - Bubbles emerge from his mouth and he has turned sickly white. Underwater the flowing brook is rhythmic and has a peaceful HUM. We hear the muffled voice in the BG.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Francis?

Francis body comes to rest against rocks on the bottom. Francis lungs instinctively reject the water and he coughs. as his eyes open and he gags.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Francis, damn it it's cold out here.

Francis inhales deeply but it's all water. He tries to kick the bottom but his legs do not react. He claws at the rocks that are covered with slime. His hands slip. He is drowning.

FIELD - Arthur stands still looking around. All he hears is the RUNNING WATER.

UNDERWATER - Francis' panicking stops. His body goes limp.

CHURCH - the MUSIC ... Francis swept away with emotion ...

POV FRANCIS UNDERWATER: the black water with rays of moonlight dancing through the water.

UNDERWATER - Francis closes his eyes.

POV FRANCIS: He sees a faint blue glow.

UNDERWATER - His hands gently grip the plants on the bottom and he pulls without ripping them from their roots. He is moving every so slowly.

THE FIELD - Arthur walks away.

CHURCH - Francis plays on ...

THE BROOK - Francis slides to the edge and reaches out of the water to a branch and pulls himself up. Breaking the surface, he coughs up water and gags trying to catch a breath.

THE FIELD - Arthur stops as he hears the GAGGING. He turns and runs. Arthur crashes

into the brook and grabs Francis.

ARTHUR

Jesus Mary and Joseph. My son!

Arthur drags Francis out of the water as Francis continues to gag. Arthur rolls Francis over. Francis SHRIEKS in pain amidst his struggle for air. Arthur smacks him on the back as Francis SHRIEKS some more and coughs up water.

EDDIE

Francis, can you move your legs son?

Francis does not move.

CHURCH - The MUSIC ends ... Francis blows out the candle.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

POV FRANCIS - As the blur clears we see a female figure looking down.

The room is very large with thirty beds containing all types of patients. This is not the upper-class ward. Mary stands over Francis.

MARY

Can you hear me Francis? Can you hear me my son?

FRANCIS

(dazed)

Cold in here.

Mary adjusts the covers.

MARY

You fell sweetheart.

FRANCIS

I'm sorry Ma.

Francis fades back to unconsciousness.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Arthur and Mary are conferring with a DOCTOR. They walk away very disturbed.

Mary seats her husband and then goes into the ward and approaches Francis' bed. Francis is strapped tightly to the bed to avoid any body movement.

MARY

Can you hear me Francis?

Francis comes to.

FRANCIS

I'm O.k., I'm just a bit tired I guess.

MARY

You've hurt your spine son. You're in the hospital with fine doctors. It will be a while before you can walk.

FRANCIS

Hospital. Why am I in a hospital? Take me home.

MARY

Just rest now.

Mary sees Stella approach.

STELLA

I'm Stella Sullivan, Mrs. Ouimet, I am here to see Francis if I may.

Mary reluctantly leaves Francis' side, she pauses and then exits. Stella sits down in a chair next to Francis' bed, the moment is awkward.

STELLA

I never apolo -

FRANCIS

- Say, would you mind if we had that dance now?

STELLA

I'd be delighted. Waltz?

FRANCIS

I can figure it out. I have two left feet though.

Stella smiles. Francis watches her every move, the delicate way she leans towards the table, her hair falling forward. With one hand she gently pushes her hair back behind one ear.

Francis eyes move down Stella's arm to her hand now gripping a glass of water rushes in.

As she hands Francis the glass, he notices her womanly figure pressing through her sweater. He swallows and is unnerved by the closeness.

Reaching for the glass, their fingers meet. After a moment Stella pulls back.

FRANCIS

Just what I need, water.

STELLA

Yeah. Sorry. How are you feeling?

FRANCIS

I'm not.

Stella looks at his legs. Francis looks down at his lower body and painfully shifts around.

STELLA

Your back, how is it?

FRANCIS

I guess I won't be playing much golf for a couple of days.

STELLA

Well that's not all bad, no one likes a show-off anyway.

Stella notices how deeply she's offended him.

STELLA

Oh, I'm sorry. Sometimes I can be such a... it's just that -

Arthur and Mary enter the room. Arthur appears very angry, and Mary seems rather concerned.

ARTHUR

What are the likes a' you doing down here. Can't ya leave well enough alone.

MARY

Now Arthur, I'm sure she means well.

ARTHUR

Oh that'd be for sure, they always MEAN well when they try to help out the poor unfortunates like ourselves.

Stella turns back to Francis and looks deep into his eyes as she briefly touches his hand before standing.

MARY

Now Arthur.

STELLA

That's all right. I was just leaving. Francis I hope you're feeling better soon.

Stella turns to leave.

STELLA

Goodbye Mr. and Mrs. Ouimet.

Stella exits. Francis watches her leave, then looks away.

ARTHUR

Son, these damn doctors say ...

Mary starts to cry.

ARTHUR

We ain't gonna hear any of that damn talk.

FRANCIS

What is it?

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Francis stares at his legs. Outside we hear children PLAYING.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Francis stares at his legs by candle light. Mary brings food in.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Francis is lying in his bed writing a letter. He rubs his legs. Eddie enters and Francis hands the letter to him.

LATER - Francis lying in bed rubbing his legs with a golf club. Mary brings him food.

LATER - Francis leans down and moves his legs with his hands. He manages to slowly wiggle his toes.

MARY

They said it will take time son.

Francis is frustrated.

LATER - Francis is reading the sports page.

In frustration he crumples up the paper and throws it towards the door. Eddie enters and is hit by the flying paper.

EDDIE

I gave your letter to that old Mr. Wright guy. He read it and then he says you can be stock boy if you ain't too cripple.

Francis struggles to sit up and collapses back in bed in severe pain.

FRANCIS

He said that?

EDDIE

Well he said the stock boy part and I added the cripple part cause how you gonna stack stuff if you's all crippled up?

FRANCIS

I am not crippled you little shit.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Francis sits in a hot bath.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Francis, in bed, moves his legs slightly as a knock is heard.

FRANCIS

Ya Ma.

EDDIE

Hey Francis, It's me Eddie again. I been thinkin ya know. When is you gonna start hittin' them eggs again? You gonna get stiff and rusty laying 'round here, it ain't no good, ya know? It's that girl I betchya'. Them women is bad luck, what she push ya in that river when you tried to get in her undiwear'? Yuck. So you still dying or what?

HALLWAY - Mary stands in the hallway eavesdropping with her hand over her mouth, a bit taken back. We DOLLY back to see Stella standing behind her.

BEDROOM

EDDIE

What, you knock her up playing hide the weenie 'er what? I won't tell. When we gonna hit them links? You know everyday you don't practice the other guys get better, ya know Francis? You want me to carry your clubs then you don't have the weight of the bag to worry 'bout since you're a cripple now. Bobby Fletcher got stomped by a horse, ya know, just laid in bed all the time and did duty in his pants, it was disgusting mess, his Ma had to clean it out. Then he died. Then it was OK I guess, for his Ma not having to clean it, ya know.

HALLWAY - Mary is aghast. She nudges Stella, who is smiling, and Stella steps through the door. Mary walks away.

BEDROOM - Stella enters, unbeknownst to Eddie. Francis smiles.

EDDIE

Did you feel her up and she shove ya in, huh? I'll put a rat down her dress for ya. I'd do it. I did it to -



FRANCIS

- Hey good looking.

Eddie turns and is frozen with his mouth open and for once has nothing to say. Stella holds out her hand.

STELLA

I'm Stella Sullivan.

Eddie doesn't move so Stella grabs his hand and shakes it. Stella props her leg up on the desk, pulls her dress to her knee and strokes her leg as Eddie watches. She unbuttons the top button of her blouse.

STELLA

So Francis I've been so lonely. But your injured.  
What's your little friend's name again?

EDDIE

I got's to go Francis, gotta do ... stuff.

Eddie bolts out of the room and runs down the stairs. Stella and Francis laugh.

STELLA

Hi.

FRANCIS

That was ... good, cruel, but good.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Francis pulls his legs to the floor and painfully gets to his feet with a golf club for support. Stella admires his small victory.

INT. DR. PEABODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Francis is lying on an examination table face down, arms draped over the sides. DR. PEABODY, 60's, balding, wearing a white coat, is feeling his bare back.

A young, attractive, large breasted NURSE is holding Francis' shoulders still as Dr. Peabody applies pressure to his spine.

DR. PEABODY

Hmmm...

FRANCIS

What?

DR. PEABODY

Uh? Uh.

Dr. Peabody applies more pressure.

FRANCIS

Ah!

The nurse jumps.

DR. PEABODY

Roll over easy now.

Francis, with the aid of the nurse, slowly rolls and sits up very gingerly.

FRANCIS

Well how am I doing Doc?

DR. PEABODY

You are lucky to be walking at all. I want you to continue soaking that back in a hot bath every night. Do not do anything that puts strain on it.

FRANCIS

What about golf?

DR. PEABODY

Golf? No. Chess would be good. Or cross word puzzles.

Francis heads sinks down.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

Francis sits in a hot bath. The stares at water slowly dripping out of the faucet. DRIP ... DRIP ... DRIP.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Francis walks with a cane along the outskirts of the Country Club. He gazes over the fairways.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Hobbling slowly along, Francis gets on a street car.

EXT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - DAY

Francis exits the store shaking Mr. Wright's hand.

EXT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY

Francis nervously approaches Stella's house and looks around to ensure he is alone. He rubs his sweaty hands on his pants as he approaches the door.

After he takes a breath and rings the bell, he lifts his hat and presses down his hair with his hands. After a moment, the door opens.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Yes? May I help you? Wait, aren't you that ...  
What are you doing here?

FRANCIS

Hello Mrs. Sullivan, I am here to see Stella  
please.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Is she expecting you?

FRANCIS

No, but-

MRS. SULLIVAN

- Surely you must know that nice  
young men do not just drop by un-announced or  
un-invited.

Francis fumbles.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Well, at any rate she is not at home and I'm sure  
she does not wish for your company. Please  
don't bother us again.

Mrs. Sullivan shuts the door.

INT. SULLIVAN HOUSE - DAY

STELLA (O.S.)

Was that the door mother?

Stella comes down the stairs.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Oh it was just someone for your father dear.

Mrs. Sullivan moves away from the door towards the sitting room.

INT. SULLIVAN SITTING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Sullivan enters, with Stella coming behind.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Would you like some lemonade dear?

Mrs. Sullivan bends down to pour some lemonade from a crystal pitcher on the table.

STELLA

No thank you.

Stella plops down on the couch outstretched. Mrs. Sullivan walks over and hands her a  
glass of lemonade. Stella takes it and puts it on the coffee table.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Oh really Stella! How are you ever going to catch yourself a rich husband?

Exasperated, Mrs. Sullivan picks up Stella's glass and wipes up the wet ring.

MRS. SULLIVAN

What time is that nice Wellsley coming to get you?

Stella throws her arms back and gazes at the ceiling.

STELLA

I don't want to go to that stuffy yacht club with all those self important bores who judge the worth of each other by the length of the hull of their sloops that daddy bought them. It's the only long thing they can talk about.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Is Wellsley getting his own sail boat? That'll be lovely.

(it sinks in)

Stella Sullivan, you watch your language. What do you know of such things?

Stella looks at her mother in disbelief.

INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - DAY

Francis is working at Wright and Ditson stocking golf balls on a rack in a glass case one by one.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Francis stares at his repaired Vardon putter and six other clubs leaning in the bare corner with a beat up old canvas bag.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Arthur works the fire. Louise and Raymond are on the floor playing with the family cat. Francis sits, staring out the front window at horse-drawn carriages going by as he rolls golf balls through his fingers.

On the floor in front of Francis are sketches of golf holes at the Country Club with marks for the placement of each perfect shot.

ARTHUR

Francis, stop that damn moping, you're lucky you had to give up that damn game anyway.

FRANCIS

I haven't given it up.

ARTHUR

And that girl, you think she cares about you?...  
She's gonna break your heart for some damn  
Harvard boy.

FRANCIS

She already has her pick of Harvard boys.

ARTHUR

See, what I tell ya?

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Francis limps to his room and closes the door.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Francis folds up the sketches and puts them in his golf bag. He picks up the old clubs scattered about the room and slides them into the golf bag.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - MORNING

Francis slowly slips out of bed and gets dressed.

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - MORNING

Francis shuffles along the edge of the fairway carrying his golf bag. He eases it off his shoulder and pulls out a club. He gingerly takes a stance. Drawing the club back a few inches drops him to his knees in pain.

Tears come to Francis' face as he remains on all fours. He takes the mashie and SLAMS it to the ground. He gets to his feet. He tries again. He takes the club back an inch further before leaning on it for support.

Taking his mashie back with great effort he taps the ball and it dribbles along the grass.

FRANCIS

That was me, ball. Your friend is back.

In exhaustion he eases himself down to a sitting position. He looks up at the sun rays breaking through the fog.

His chest pounds out each breath that rises into the cold morning air. Francis has broken out in a full sweat.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK PRACTICE RANGE - PRE DAWN

From a spot in the woods on the edge of the golf course Francis hits ball after ball onto the course. Eddie retrieves the balls.

Francis swings again ... and again ... and again ... he hears the very subtle MUSIC. Behind him we see divots in the ground.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK GOLF COURSE - DAY

Francis walks the fairway with a slight limp. Eddie is by his side. Francis hits his approach

shot to the green with a slight MOAN.

FRANCIS

We're getting it now legs. We're getting there.  
You just keep on making my turn and I'll do the  
rest. You listening?

EXT. NEW YORK TRAIN STATION - DAY

JULY 1913

Vardon and Ray are pushing their way through a crowd of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS.

REPORTER

Mr. Vardon are you ready for the U.S. Open?  
What do you think your chances are of beating  
the American professionals?

VARDON

The U.S. Open trophy will reside in England.

REPORTER

Who do you think is going to win the Open Mr.  
Ray?

RAY

Ye're looking at 'im.

REPORTER

Can you play a course as tight as Brookline?

RAY

Tight, skinny, short, long, rain, wind, here, there,  
no matter mate. Ye' bust it long and get the  
bloody ball in the hole.

Where can a bloke get a Guinness in this town?

They enter their train still having questions thrown at them.

REPORTER

How do you feel being undefeated in forty  
matches?

RAY

Ain't life grand? Where do they serve ye' single  
malts 'round this bleedin' town. Can ye' good f'er  
nuthin's tell me that? What pub does ye'r sister  
frequent lad?

The reporters burst into LAUGHTER as the train pulls out and Ray waves.

## INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - DAY

Francis, dressed in a working apron, is sweeping up the floor on a busy work day. The store is bustling with CUSTOMERS. A CLERK approaches Francis with a newspaper in his hand.

CLERK

Francis, did you see this?

FRANCIS

What's that?

CLERK

The sports page?

FRANCIS

Let me see.

Francis grabs the paper and lays it on the counter. The headline reads: U.S. OPEN MOVED TO SEPTEMBER AT BROOKLINE. Caption reads; TOURNEY MOVED TO ACCOMMODATE THE U.S. TOUR OF VARDON AND RAY.

Mr. Wright approaches from behind and peers over Francis' shoulder at the paper.

WRIGHT

They're undefeated in this tour, forty to naught.  
No American can seem to beat either of them.  
They will be at Brae Burn next Saturday,  
exhibition match against Hagen and McDermott.

Francis' eyes light up.

FRANCIS

Mr. Wright can I -

Flyers plop down on the counter in front of Francis. They read: WRIGHT AND DITSON, THE FINEST NAME IN SPORTING GOODS.

MR. WRIGHT

Hand these out? You bet.

## EXT. BRAE BURN COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

AERIAL SHOT. The long entrance way to the elegant club is lined with flowers as we TRACK above the Model T's and carriages converging on the spectacle.

The event is a huge gathering, both social and sporting, drawing LADIES in pastel dresses with parasols, MEN very dapper, CHILDREN run about.

A banner on the clubhouse reads THE LONDON TIMES VARDON AND RAY TOUR OF U.S. We TRACK over the clubhouse to the massive lawn behind it where we see a stage and the buzzing CROWD surrounding it. A marching band plays John Philip Souza's

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.

Bernard Darwin takes center stage.

DARWIN

(megaphone)

Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the London Times sponsored tour of the United States by Harry Vardon and Big Ted Ray. The opponents today are the fine American players Walter Hagen of Rochester New York and John McDermott of Boston. Mr. Vardon and Mr. Ray are undefeated in forty outings on this whirlwind tour. Good luck to the Americans today!

The crowd stirs and we hear muddled BOOS reacting to the awesome record against the Americans. As we continue to MOVE into the crowd from above we see Francis handing out flyers.

Francis turns to the stage and sees Mr. Wright make his way to the tee and gesture to WALTER HAGEN, flamboyant, dressed in very bold colored silk, deeply tanned, handsome, and another golfer, MCDERMOTT.

Through the crowd of YOUNG WOMEN admiring Hagen, Mr. Wright manages to speak to him and shake his hand. Mr. Wright makes his way back to Francis.

FRANCIS

What's he like?

WRIGHT

Quite the character for sure. A good young player, but no match for Vardon or Ray. If he'd stay away from the women and rye he'd be better.

FRANCIS

Where's Vardon and Ray?

A car approaches. The crowd clears and Harry Vardon appears in the back seat of a customized Model T convertible.

He is being CHAUFFEURED to the tee in first class style. The crowd is star struck. The women momentarily abandon Hagen for a glimpse of the World Champion.

DARWIN

(megaphone)

Ladies and Gentlemen, playing out of Prestwick Country Club, the five time winner of the British Open, Mr. Harry Vardon.

The crowd CHEERS. Vardon tips his hat and steps out of the car. He greets Hagen and McDermott with a handshake.

We hear a RUMBLE from the sky. As the crowd looks, up a bright red biplane swoops



low over the crowd with a tremendous roar. The crowd ducks.

As the plane ascends we see the passenger is Big Ted Ray, white silk scarf trailing, pipe in hand waving to the crowd soaking up his new-found fame. Francis stares up with his mouth open. Vardon, observing all this can only shake his head and smile.

VARDON

(to Hagen)

When Ted said he wanted to barnstorm the U.S.,  
he meant it.

Hagen and McDermott stand there with a dumbfounded looks on their faces. The plane ROARS back again from behind the crowd just over the tree tops. The turbulence caused by the diving plane sends straw hats and bonnets flying.

The plane lands on the first fairway, turns around and taxis into the crowd as they separate. The plane turns sideways right in front of the tee as Big Ted Ray jumps out of the plane to a cheering crowd.

DARWIN

(megaphone)

Ladies and Gentleman, all the way from  
Muirfield, Scotland, may I present you, also a  
British Open Champion, Mr. Big Ted Ray.

The crowd CHEERS.

WRIGHT

I sure wish an American could beat these guys,  
just once.

Francis seems distracted, then we spot Stella off in the crowd with Wellsley. Francis is disappointed.

WRIGHT

You started to swing a club again yet? Francis?

FRANCIS

A little.

WRIGHT

How 'bout you and me playing a game soon. I'll  
bring you over to Woodland?

FRANCIS

That would be great Mr. Wright.

WRIGHT

We'd better get back to work my boy.

Wright and Francis separate and start passing out flyers. The fairway clears, the plane taxis out of the way and shuts down.

DARWIN

(megaphone)

In addition to sponsoring the tour of this continent, the "London Times" in conjunction with A.G. Spalding Bros. Sporting Goods Company would like to announce a lucrative sponsorship package to the professional that wins the United States Open Golf Championship this year being held at The Country Club at Brookline.

Big Ted Ray rubs his hands together.

RAY

I guess I'll buy that bloody plane after the Open, eh, 'Arry?

VARDON

Only one thing stopping ye Ted.

RAY

What's that Harry?

VARDON

Harry Vardon.

Francis is passing out flyers.

STELLA

Excuse me, may I have one?

Francis turns to find Stella. She is ravishing in the sunlight. He hands her a flyer somewhat embarrassed.

FRANCIS

I'm surprised to see you here, I didn't think you were a big golf fan.

STELLA

I'm not. I can't miss an opportunity to see humanity making a spectacle of itself.

Francis looks at Stella curiously.

STELLA

Actually, I'm finding there might be a lot more to the game than I originally thought.

MRS. SULLIVAN (O.S.)

Stella?

Stella looks about rather nervously.

FRANCIS

It's all right, go ahead. I saw you earlier. I mean I know you're here with someone.

STELLA

Oh him. I already told him I can't love him.

FRANCIS

That's OK, he loves himself enough for two people anyway. I'm sure he'll be very happy ... with himself.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Stella!

Mrs. Sullivan emerges from the crowd, grabs her arm and pulls her away.

MRS. SULLIVAN

Come Stella there's someone I want you to meet.

Francis watches her go. Stella looks back.

EXT. BRAE BURN CLUBHOUSE - DAY

Francis is opening a box of Wright & Ditson flyers. As he stands up with arms full, he is pushed from behind. He flies forward over the boxes, flyers scattering everywhere.

Francis winces and reaches for his back as he looks up to see Wellsley with some of his FRIENDS.

WELLSLEY

Look at what a mess you've made, you really should be more careful, Southie boy.

FRIEND #1

Ah, but he can't help himself. Making a mess out of everything is a family trait.

The boys LAUGH. Francis tries to get up. Wellsley's friends rush him and push him back to the ground.

Francis is pinned on his back by two boys standing over him with one foot on each shoulder. Wellsley steps forward. Francis lurches and tries to kick him.

Wellsley steps back and two more boys jump forward and hold down his legs. Wellsley steps forward again and stands in between Francis' bound legs.

WELLSLEY

Word has it you've been dropping by the Sullivan house. You're way out of bounds there, sport.

Francis is squirming, trying unsuccessfully to escape.

FRANCIS

Word has it you been dropping balls in the fairway after you've been way out of bounds.

Wellsley kicks Francis in the groin.

WELLSLEY

Shut up. Our little friend here is recovering from a nasty back injury. Go easy gentlemen.

The boys erupt into laughter as Wellsley grabs a chocolate ice cream cone from one of the boys. Wellsley holds it sideways as it drips all over Francis' white shirt. One of the boys kicks Francis in his side.

WELLSLEY

We almost forgot. What terrible hosts we would be if we didn't share our refreshments with ... the domestic.

Wellsley puts the cone upside down on Francis' stomach. He slowly drags it up Francis' chest, past his neck, over his face, and into his hair. Then he wrenches it into his mouth.

The boys LAUGH hysterically as they walk away. Wellsley hesitates then turns as Francis spits ice cream all over Wellsley. Wellsley kicks Francis in the lower back and Francis wrenches backward, then into the fetal position and MOANS. Wellsley and the boys walk away.

FRANCIS

Wellsley, doesn't a gentleman and a sportsman kick a little harder than that?

Wellsley stops, does not look back, then continues on.

EXT. BRAE BURN CLUBHOUSE - DUSK

From behind we see Francis in his undershirt bent over a bucket scrubbing furiously. As we get closer we see a hand rise to touch the back of his shoulder. Francis jumps and turns around. He finds Stella before him.

STELLA

Do you always scare so easily?

FRANCIS

Your hands are a little cold that's all.

STELLA

Well what are you doing out here without your shirt?

Francis turns back to the bucket and feverishly tries to wring out his shirt. She LAUGHS at the wet clump he is battling with unsuccessfully.

STELLA

Here let me help you.

Stella takes the shirt from Francis and methodically wrings out the water. Francis watches her closely.

STELLA

Boy you sure made a mess didn't you?

Francis grabs the shirt from Stella.

FRANCIS

Some people think so.

Francis starts to put on his shirt.

STELLA

What are you doing? You can't put that thing on!

Stella tries to stop Francis and gets tangled up with him. Their eyes meet, they pause. Stella pulls back.

STELLA

You'll catch a death of a cold if you put that thing on. Here take my jacket.

Stella starts to remove her jacket when Francis notices it's a Harvard letter jacket.

FRANCIS

I don't need anything, especially from -

STELLA

- Especially from a girl? I don't believe it, and I thought you were -

FRANCIS

- That's not what... I just don't want you to get cold that's all.

Francis spots a waiter exiting out the back kitchen door.

STELLA

But I'm fine -

FRANCIS

- Wait here.

Francis casually disappears into the kitchen. Stella is confused and looks about impatiently as she waits. Moments later we see Francis emerge wearing a waiter's tuxedo tails, but no shirt. They both begin to LAUGH.

FRANCIS

Come on, let's get out of here.

Stella takes hold of Francis' hand as she starts to run, tugging at Francis.

## EXT. BRAE BURN FAIRWAY - NIGHT

Francis and Stella walk together as the fading sun lights up the dew on the course in prismatic spectrums of green and gold. It is magic hour and Francis inhales deeply and rubs his back.

STELLA

You OK?

FRANCIS

I'm loosening up.

(uncomfortable with the attention)

This is my favorite time of day.

STELLA

So what is it about this game of yours? Or is it that you just like to wear those funny pants? Huh knickers? I like that, from now on I'll call you my little Knickers.

FRANCIS

Yeah? And who might you be, Golden Girl?

STELLA

(Animated)

It's a Charles Dickens masterpiece. Golden Girl and her poor little Knickers. From two different worlds so far apart, they tragically died together, struck by lightning on the back nine.

They laugh.

FRANCIS

Well, there's the every day life, ya know ... and then there's the golf course. At times like this when you're alone ... it's like a holy land.

STELLA

Wow. I never quite looked at it that way but it is beautiful.

FRANCIS

Every shot is unique and the course tests me and me alone. No one can fail me, I can only fail myself. It beckons me to challenge it, dares me to test it, penalizes me when I error and rewards me when I am artful. The wind, the rain, the heat, the cold, the fog and mist, the morning dew, they're it's variations and left for me to interpret alone. It demands skill but not strength, strategy but not cunning, and can never be mastered.

Stella is taken back. Francis grabs her hand and helps her down to the grass and she gazes up at the sky. Francis watches her chest rise and fall as she is still breathing heavily. He lays down hesitantly beside her.

STELLA

I wish I could float above everybody like a star.

Francis is watching her.

STELLA

What do you wish for Francis?

FRANCIS

What?

STELLA

You're not like everybody else.

(a beat)

I mean what motivates you, what do you want to be?

FRANCIS

I motivate me... I guess.

(a beat)

No one else around to do it.

Stella turns and looks at him.

STELLA

Have you ever felt, even in a crowd, that you were totally alone?

FRANCIS

I like being alone ... when I practice.

He lays down and gazes up.

STELLA

No, I mean alone in the world, as if no one can really hear you, you have no one to really talk to.

FRANCIS

I usually don't like to listen to them actually. I listen to a little voice in my head. It tells me I can do better.

STELLA

Your own spirit.

FRANCIS

Sort of ... I guess.

STELLA

A spirit of one.

She smiles at him. Their faces are close. They look deep into each other's eyes. He kisses her ... and she kisses him back. His hand is on her waist. The kiss becomes more passionate.

WAITER (O.S.)

Hey kid!

They look up to see the waiter.

FRANCIS

Uh oh.

They jump up and start running, Francis MOANS and LAUGHING at the same time.

EXT. WOODLAND COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Francis and Mr. Wright are walking down the fairway. Francis approaches his ball. He sets up and hits a solid shot with his long fluid swing.

WRIGHT

Where'd you get a pretty swing like that?

FRANCIS

The swing has always been there. Letting go of everything in it's way that has been the challenge.

WRIGHT

I never looked at it that way. That's a good swing thought.

FRANCIS

That's just another challenge.

WRIGHT

What's that?

FRANCIS

Letting go of swing thoughts ... of all thoughts.  
When it happens ...

Francis hits a perfect shot.

FRANCIS

It's a quiet ... a stillness. It feels good. It feels ...  
like that.

Francis points to a bird gliding ... then rolling ... then diving ... playing in the breeze.



EXT. FRANKLIN PARK - DAY

A FEW GOLFERS practice their game on the small driving range. Francis stands at the end of the range, away from the other players. Eddie sits behind him. Stella sits on a bench several yards away reading a book.

Eddie has newspaper clippings laid out in front of him on the grass. We see that they are photographs of HARRY VARDON IN VARIOUS POSITIONS OF HIS GOLF SWING.

Eddie studies the photos intensely, then looks back up at Francis, back and forth, back and forth. Stella looks up, puts her book down and walks over to them.

STELLA

What are you doing?

EDDIE

See girlie, Francis here got's a loosey goosey swing and can hit the pee out of the guttie when he gets it going all at the same time, see? Now old man Vardon here, he got like this whirly bird real sweet thing, but you can't see that cause -

STELLA

- I'm just a woman right?

FRANCIS

Eddie, I told you before, her name is Stella.

EDDIE

Ya, sorry, Stella, ya sorry.

Francis hits a clean shot. We TRACK the ball rising high in the air, then falling from the sky and becomes ...

SEPTEMBER 1913

EXT. COPLEY PLAZA - DAY

... a Vardon flyer in the hand of Harry Vardon as he flips it up and down. Arthur pulls up the carriage drawn by two large black horses to the front of the Copley Plaza, an elegant hotel. Vardon hops out.

VARDON

Driver, be careful with those clubs now.

ARTHUR

Yes sir.

Arthur carries the luggage inside.

INT. COPLEY PLAZA - DAY

Inside the hotel the lobby is spectacular. It is a grand setting brimming with activity with

many WELL DRESSED MEN AND WOMEN flowing in.

INT. COPLEY BAR - DAY

Vardon enters the large mahogany paneled parlor ... the fire light reflecting in his eyes ... that size up his competition. For Vardon, the U.S. Open just began.

Scottish, English and other INTERNATIONAL GOLFERS enjoy their smoke and drink and the big guns include the French Champion LOUIS TELLIER, Americans Walter Hagen, Johnny McDermott and JERRY TRAVERS, Scotsmen ALEC ROSS and MACDONALD SMITH, and England's EDDIE REID. Reid is a thin looking man, wiry, but athletic.

Included in the crowd and surrounded by bodyguards is FORMER PRESIDENT TAFT, a stoutly man in his sixty's, very distinguished looking. Vardon nods.

VARDON

Mr. President.

PRESIDENT TAFT

Harry, I think we'll have some boys ready to meet your challenge. What do you say Walter?

HAGEN

Yes sir Mr. President, but I still think Harry here is the man to beat.

The crowd of golfers move closer.

VARDON

I hear ye've been playing well Walter. How's Brookline look to ye'?

Big Ted Ray approaches sloshing a huge glass of ale along the way.

RAY

Not so fast Hagen. There's a few of us blokes here that can just about poke it as good as old 'Arry here!

HAGEN

Well no man on this planet can hit a ball further than you, Big Ted. You'll all have a fair crack at America's Trophy and the bonus.

RAY

(to Reid)

Looks to me we're playing in a bloody cow pasture and horse farm, who's the bloke that thought this one up, eh?

REID

Brookline's a great course Ray, it's just that a

wild man like you has to keep the ball out of the trees to score it. Three hundred yard drives do no good if you be in the forest.

Ray moves closer to Reid spilling his ale on all in his way. He puts his scraggly face right in Reid's.

RAY

'Oos askin' ye anyway Reid. Me grandmotha kin hit it fatha thin ye!

REID

Ray has anyone eva told you it's a gentlemen's game?

Ray turns as if to walk away, then sucker PUNCHES Reid with a mighty blow to the face knocking Reid across the bar CRASHING into tables.

The crowd is stunned as Reid is knocked cold. The golfers wrestle Ray to the floor. After the scuffle dies down, Reid is helped up.

RAY

T'was only playin' wit de bloke.

The players escort Ray out of the bar. The men resume drinking, story telling.

EXT. WOODLAND GOLF CLUB - DAY

Francis is walking off the course with his golf bag over his shoulder. He stops, sets his golf bag down and pulls something out of the golf bag as a ball pops out and falls to the ground.

Francis looks at the blue ribbon in his hand that reads: USGA BOSTON SCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Four elderly MEMBERS are finishing their round. One of the members is FORBES BARRETT, 50ish, heavy set. Barrett spots Francis.

BARRETT

Heh, aren't you my gardener's kid?

FRANCIS

Me?

BARRETT

Aren't you Arthur Ouimet's kid.

FRANCIS

Yes. I was a guest of ... never mind.

BARRETT

Guest my ass. This club is for members only. You get along now and don't let me catch you sneaking in here again.

Francis bends over to pick up the ball and drops the ribbon. Barrett picks up the ribbon and looks at it.

BARRETT

You win this?

Francis nods.

BARRETT

Well it's not the damn U.S. Open now is it? I guess you think you can just play on anybody's private course, do ya?

Barrett hands him the ribbon and walks away shaking his head. It starts to rain.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Francis opens the window and disappears inside. Eddie watches from around the corner.

EXT. COPLEY PLAZA - DAY

Model T's and horse carriages crowd the wet streets. Francis and Eddie stand on the walkway across from the Copley Plaza.

EDDIE

So why do you need to see them in person? You want them autographs er' somethin'?

FRANCIS

No. Remember, make it look good.

They cross the street and Eddie walks past the DOORMAN. He trips and falls SCREAMING bloody murder, a bad case of over acting. The doorman runs over to Eddie as Francis slips in.

INT. COPLEY PLAZA (BAR) - DAY

Francis ducks in and out of the shadows of the half-lit bar. He stands against the wall and observes the players. He stares at Harry Vardon.

A SECRET SERVICES AGENT motions to another AGENT as Francis recognizes that Vardon is speaking with President Taft.

Francis watches the players ... laughing and cajoling trading war stories ... their clothing ... their drinking and smoking ... their confidence and bravado ... how they glance over at Vardon and then look away ... how they shift their weight ... how they laugh ... how they look down at the floor after glancing at Vardon ... then they continue with ... but wait ... the look in their eyes ... they're afraid too ... they -

AGENT

Boy, I don't believe you're supposed to be here.

The agents quickly surround Francis. The words echo in Francis' mind: I DON'T BELIEVE

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.

EXT. COPLEY PLAZA - DAY

Francis is escorted out with an agent on each elbow. As they place him down he slips as the lands in the mud.

Echoing ... I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE

Eddie helps Francis up and they start walking away. Down the street, Arthur sits in his carriage, watching.

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - DUSK

Francis, at the edge of the woods, observes the commotion as workmen prepare the grounds for the U.S. Open.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Francis sits by candle light polishing his clubs. He checks to ensure the putter is spotless.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Francis told me that sometimes it's the little things that count ... or what counts is what you leave out. Made no sense to me.

From the crack in the floor, Francis retrieves the gold coin that Vardon gave him. The coin glistens in the candle light as Francis examines it closely.

The words echo repeatedly in Francis' mind: I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE ... I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE ... and fade lower then increase in volume to ...

... BELIEVE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE ... BELIEVE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE ... BELIEVE

He places the coin on the nightstand and blows out the candle.

INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

The store is a madhouse. All the top AMERICAN PLAYERS are present for a party thrown by The Wright and Ditson company in their honor. BOSTON'S ELITE UPPER-CLASS are in attendance including the Sullivan family.

Mr. Wright proudly displays his golf products as the players pose for pictures for the press. Francis, wearing an apron, is being ordered around serving the players, press, and guests. The REPORTERS are gathered around Walter Hagen and ROBERT WATSON, forties, the key official for the United States Golf Association (USGA), and Bernard Darwin.

DARWIN

Mr. Hagen, how does the field for this years open look to you?

HAGEN

The best of the U.S. against some guys with

funny accents.

Francis, trying to avoid the Sullivans, can not resist staring at Stella. They make eye contact. Stella smiles coyly at Francis, he smiles briefly, remembers his place, and then turns quickly away.

He heads towards a group of reporters gathered in a corner taking notes. Francis, serving ginger ale, overhears ...

DARWIN

A hundred and sixty five players entered in the Open, biggest field yet.

WATSON

Hundred sixty four now. O'Farrell dropped out due to an injury. A winner of a USGA recognized event with fifty dollars cash and an accepted application can get in.

Francis holds the tray as empty glasses are set on it by passing players ... then half eaten plates of food ... his tray is full ... another glass is placed on it as he sees his reflection in the store window ... the apron ... the tray.

He looks over to see Stella laughing, encircled by numerous attentive tour players. He sees the American players being pampered and adored.

A PLAYER (O.S.)

Hey boy, get me a cold one will ya?

Another plate of half eaten food is placed on the tray ... it slides off ... his reflection in the mirror ... the plate falls in SLOW MOTION ... the LAUGHTER ... the plate falling ... the food spilling ...

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Believe you belong here.

FLASHBACKS INTERCUT WITH THE FALLING PLATE IN SLOW MOTION

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE - DAY

Francis kneels down and reaches through the fence for the ball that is just beyond his reach as a golf spike stomps down on his hand pinning it to the ground.

WELLSLEY

Your dirty hands don't belong here Southie boy.

The hickory shafted mashie knives downward between the slats of the fence finding it's target in the small of Francis' back.

The plate falls ... food spills.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

Arthur bumps a kitchen chair, then SLAMS it to pieces.

MARY

Arthur!

ARTHUR

You ain't never gonna change who you are ...  
who you are ... who you are ...

The plate turns over ... food spills.

EXT. WOODLAND GOLF CLUB - DAY

Barrett stands over Francis.

BARRETT

Well it's not the damn U.S. Open now is it?

The plate falls ...

INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

Francis turns his head and slow motion and makes eye contact with Vardon who does not recognize him.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE (GREEN) - MORNING

Vardon gently touches Francis in his solar plexus with his index finger and holds it there.

VARDON

No lad, the lighting is in there. See it.

INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

Francis sees his reflection and in window ... Stella turns to look at Francis ... the food falls ...

FRANCIS (V.O.)

You belong here ... belong here ... you ... you ...  
you ...

Francis looks down as ...

BANG! ... the plate breaks on the floor. A hush comes over the crowd momentarily ... then they go right back in to the fraternizing. Francis sets down his tray and takes off his apron and drops it on the mess.

Francis bee lines to the back of the store and pulls his paycheck from a cubby hole. He opens it, looks at it. His hand slides into his pocket and retrieves the coin.

Francis approaches Mr. Wright in the crowd as Stella looks on.

FRANCIS

The Boston Scholastic is a USGA recognized

event, right?

WRIGHT

Yes it is son.

FRANCIS

- Mr. Wright, I want to enter the Open.

Mr. Wright comes closer and leads Francis a few steps away.

WRIGHT

Francis, I believe all the caddy positions are filled for the open.

FRANCIS

I can play.

WRIGHT

Francis, I know you won a local a while back, but the Open is for professional players, these are men, and the best. Now you save your money and keep our customers happy. Maybe next year you can caddy in it, that would be fun, huh?

Mr. Wright is grabbed by a guest and pulled away.

WRIGHT

I'll talk to you later.

Francis walks outside alone. Stella, observing, approaches Mr. Wright.

EXT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

Francis stands alone. Francis looks down at the gold coin in his hand. Stella walks up to him.

STELLA

Nice party huh?

FRANCIS

What? Oh ...Hi.

There is an awkward silence.

STELLA

So what are you waiting for Knickers?

Francis and Stella look down the street and see street kids milling around the front of Wright and Ditson, including Eddie.

STELLA

What ya got there in your hand?

Francis rubs the coin. Eddie spots Francis and runs up to them.



EDDIE

Hey guys. So you going on, can I come? I know who all those guys are, you wanna I introduce ya?

Stella laughs.

EDDIE

Walter Hagen's in there and a bunch of 'em. Ya wanna go in? You think any of 'em need a caddy, maybe one of them caddy's got sick or throwing up cause a all that food an' stuff.

FRANCIS

I'll be right back.

EDDIE

You wanna I go with ya?

Eddie takes a step and Stella grabs him by the collar.

STELLA

Shorty, you just shut your little trap for once and come watch this.

Francis enters the store as Stella and Eddie go to the window. We see Francis approach Robert Watson and starts speaking to him. Watson occasionally nods in agreement. Watson pulls out a form from his coat and hands it to Francis as Francis hands him the gold coin.

EDDIE

What's he doing? He's bribing that guy isn't he. That is so keen. What's he bribing him for? I bet

-

Stella covers his mouth. Francis turns and sees them in the window. He smiles.

INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

POV FRANCIS: Stella smiles back as Eddie, flopping around, tries to pull her hand away to speak.

EXT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

Francis points at Eddie and pantomimes that Eddie will carry his bag.

INT. WRIGHT AND DITSON - NIGHT

POV FRANCIS: Stella's hand stays put as Eddie just sinks down and passes out.

EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - THURSDAY DAWN

Francis walks with a confident step. Little Eddie tries to keep up, the bag is as big as he is.

FRANCIS

Well come on Eddie, stop fiddling around.

Francis enters the Country Club grounds as Eddie stumbles over the bag and falls down. There is a lot of commotion as the CONSTRUCTION CREWS ready the stands and course for the tournament.

The morning sun reflects off the majestic clubhouse building. The green fairways, rolling hills and surrounding forests of The Country Club make a breathtaking sight.

They approach the scorers table. WELL DRESSED GOLFERS abound. A SECURITY GUARD approaches them.

SECURITY GUARD

You boys working here? Caddies are over there.

FRANCIS

Playing. Ouimet.

SECURITY GUARD

We ain't met and don't bother the players, run along.

FRANCIS

(to the scorer)

Ouimet, Francis.

The SCORER pulls out a card and hands it to Francis. The Security Guard shakes his head walking away. Eddie gives the guard the finger. Wellsley watches Francis and Eddie disappear into a crowd.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - DAY

Arthur drives his carriage with a stern look on his face.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT - DAY

Mary sweeps the floor and pauses to think.

INT. STELLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Stella lays in bed, staring at the ceiling, smiling.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - THURSDAY AFTERNOON

A GOLFER is playing with Francis. The golfer hits his approach into the green side bunker as we hear an indecipherable CURSE WORD.

Francis is lining up his final approach shot of the day. He takes his stance. Eddie looks on.

EDDIE

Keep your head down and your eye on the ball.

Francis looks up amazed.

FRANCIS

Where'd ya hear that Eddie?

EDDIE

I hear'ed it when I was a kid.

Francis can't help but LAUGH. He settles himself again. Takes a breath, eyeing the shot, one hundred and sixty five yards away.

FRANCIS

(to himself)

Smooth swing.

Closes his eyes momentarily, opens his eyes, eyes the target. He takes a fluid swing. The ball sails to within fifteen feet of the pin.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - DAY

Francis, putting in his unorthodox style, rims the cup and the ball stays out. He taps the ball in.

Francis shakes the hand of his opponent, they exchange scorecards and a very sparse CROWD applauds as they walk off the green.

FRANCIS

Whatcha got Eddie?

EDDIE

Uh let's see.. Uh..

FRANCIS

What's wrong?

EDDIE

Actually Francis I'm no good at arithmetic.

FRANCIS

That's O.k. just mark 'em down right. Let's see.

Francis grabs the card and adds. Mr. Wright approaches.

WRIGHT

Well son, how'd you play?

EDDIE

He played great Mr. Wright, x'cept for number seven, that bunker got us and we took six. Then he hit one in the field, then we were in the creek

-

FRANCIS

- Seventy eight and a seventy nine.

WRIGHT

Francis, you did fine boy, I'm proud of you.  
How was your back?

EDDIE

What's wrong with your back, now? I hear'ed the doc fixed that?

FRANCIS

Nothin'. Don't fret about it.

They walk over to the scorers table as the scores are hand posted by a SCOREKEEPER on a large display board.

WRIGHT

Francis you ...  
(choking up)  
Playing just fine son, just fine.

EDDIE

I did good stuff too, right Francis?

Francis pats Eddie on the head as Stella walks over, being observed by Wellsley who is trying to gain a glimpse of the scoreboard.

STELLA

Hey Knickers.

EDDIE

Knickers?

The scorekeeper writes a 78 and 79 next to OUIMET. Wellsley is greatly disappointed and turns away.

STELLA

Is that good?

MR. WRIGHT

Damn good. Right in the middle of the pack.  
You made the cut my boy. You get to play tomorrow.

A beat.

EDDIE

Gee whiz shit my pants in France.

He draws stares from everybody.

EDDIE

Sorry.

## INT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Harry Vardon and Bernard Darwin are sitting in the huge, elegant living room. The large windows overlook the putting green, race track and golf course. A large fireplace is burning.

They are drinking brandy and smoking cigarettes. Vardon is staring into the fire.

VARDON

I remember as a boy in Jersey, I'd play at dawn,  
work on the course all day then play 'til dark.  
Get up the next day and do it all over again.

Darwin smiles and lifts his glass.

DARWIN

Now you play golf for a living, your the best in  
the world and are becoming a wealthy man.

Vardon somberly looks out over the dark course.

VARDON

Yeah, I'm the happiest bloke in the whole wide  
world.

## INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (BATHROOM) - THURSDAY NIGHT

Francis is sitting in a hot bath, a look of great pain is on his face as he manipulates his back. He hears his parents ARGUING downstairs.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

How much did that kid spend on this foolish  
tournament? And who the hell does he think he  
is, playing with those men? Where'd he get the  
damn money?

MARY (O.S.)

Arthur, keep your voice down. This is what he  
wants to do.

A loud KNOCK is heard at the front door.

## INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Mary opens the door. Robert Watson, the USGA official, enters the living room.

WATSON

Does a mister Francis Ouimet live hear Mam?

MARY

Yes.

ARTHUR

Now who the hell are you?

WATSON

Sorry sir, Robert Watson, U.S.G.A.

He holds out his hand, Arthur does not respond.

ARTHUR

U-S-G what?

MARY

(yelling upstairs)

Francis, you have a visitor.

A silence comes over the room as Francis comes downstairs in a bathrobe.

MARY

Francis this is Mr. Watson from the U.G. & A.

WATSON

That's U.S.G.A. Francis, do you work at Wright and Ditson Sporting Goods Co.?

FRANCIS

Yeah.

WATSON

By U.S.G.A. rules you are participating in a paid sporting activity and promoting sporting goods. This clearly violates the amateur status. Your application was only accepted because you won an amateur event. It was submitted incorrectly. It is the opinion of the U.S.G.A. that you entered the tournament under false pretenses. I am here to tell you that you can not compete as an amateur and are hereby disqualified from the tournament. Should you follow proper guide lines as a professional, next year you could be reconsidered. I'm sorry son.

Watson hands Francis a paper.

MARY

He's a clerk for God's sake.

WATSON

I'm sorry.

ARTHUR

Who the hell are you to tell my son what he is. He wants to enter the damn tournament then he enters it.

WATSON

I'm sorry sir.

MARY

Arthur!

Watson shows himself out. Francis slumps to the floor. His parents look at their grief stricken son with concern. Francis slowly returns upstairs, Standing at the top of the stairs are Raymond and Louise.

EXT. OUIMET APARTMENT - NIGHT

Francis opens the door and stands in the doorway. Arthur comes up behind him.

FRANCIS

I'm just going for a walk.

ARTHUR

Son ...

FRANCIS

It's OK Dad. It's just other people's game right?

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Mary sits by the fire. Arthur closes the front door.

MARY

Why didn't you say something to him Arthur, he's just a boy.

ARTHUR

What do I say Mary? How 'bout "Can I carry your bag in the next tournament Francis, but don't worry none about food on the table." He ain't got no silver spoon mother! Those rich bastards been sticking it to people like us since Moses walked on water and they'll keep doing it, didn't I tell ya? Damn.

Mary gets up in a huff and stops in the doorway.

MARY

Francis has always done his share, but he's different Arthur. He's got a complicated mind, a good mind. You should be proud of that boy Arthur Ouimet. I know I am proud of every one of us in this family. Now who are you really ashamed of?

ARTHUR

What the hell does that mean Mary?

Mary exits.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Francis walks a dark fairway. In the distance we see that a large party is taking place in the clubhouse. He stares at the party for a beat, then to the dark green in front of him.

Francis can't help himself and gets into his stance. He takes a practice swing making the SOUND EFFECTS of the great shot and the CROWD'S ROAR. He lines up another pretend shot.

Momentarily we SEE HIS DREAMY VISION IN SLOW MOTION:

Francis swings and the mashie takes a healthy divot as the ball rockets away. The large GALLERY follows the shot to the green and the ball hits the flag, swirling around and drops into the cup. The crowd erupts as ...

BACK TO REALITY ... in the dark fairway with Francis as he walks into complete darkness.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

The party is in full swing as the MEMBERS enjoy the distinguished VISITORS. Stella is listening to YOUNG GENTLEMEN without really listening as Wellsley is half drunk and sulking around.

Mr. Wright approaches Stella and speaks to her. She puts her hand to her mouth as she learns the bad news. Stella runs through the crowd.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Mr. Wright exits the main gates and walks to his Model T parked on the street. Little Eddie mills about. He approaches Mr. Wright.

MR. WRIGHT

I assume you heard Eddie.

EDDIE

Ya I heard 'bout them sons of bitches all right.  
Can you fix it Mr. Wright?

Mr. Wright shakes his head and walks away.

EDDIE

Why don't we just go over to that guys house and bash him 'er something. Who says Francis didn't just up and quit. Just tell 'em you fired him or something. You tell 'em Mr. Wright.

Mr. Wright stops ... he is thinking. Stella runs into the street and confronts Eddie.



## EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Eddie leads Stella to the window from which resonates SOMBER MUSIC. They peer inside and see Francis playing the piano.

## INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Francis is lost to the SONATA.

## EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Stella sits and listens ... watches ... she is moved. From the shadows, Mary approaches and sees Stella. She walks slowly towards her and smiles.

## EXT. FIELD - FRIDAY MORNING

Francis is sitting on a log behind his Apartment. From behind Mr. Wright approaches.

WRIGHT

I'm sorry to have to tell you this Francis but you can not work for Wright and Ditson right now.

Mr. Wright hands Francis a pink slip of paper. He sits next to him on the log. Francis reads it.

WRIGHT

I laid you off a couple of days ago, forget to tell you.

Francis is too stunned to move. His mind is racing.

WRIGHT

Forgot to tell the U.S.G.A. too, they found out this morning.

Francis turns to Mr. Wright.

WRIGHT

Good luck kid. You tee off in forty five minutes.

## EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB - FRIDAY MORNING

Carriages and motorcars converge the Country Club that is brimming with SOPHISTICATES and PEOPLE from all walks of life. Francis and Eddie arrive at the sign-in table and gawk at the sports ELITE that mill about smartly dressed in plus fours and bow ties.

Francis and Eddie attract very curious stares as the ANNOUNCER starts assigning pairings. Francis gazes up to the darkening skies as cloud cover rolls in. As the first few players tee off, Francis loosens up with a few practice swings.

On the practice putting green, Francis takes his stance as a FEW PROS notice his protruding elbows. They turn away to talk and laugh amongst themselves. Feeling the stares, Francis walks off the putting green and Eddie follows behind, dragging the bag.

## EXT. FIRST TEE - FRIDAY MORNING

## ANNOUNCER

For the third round of the U.S. Open, now on the tee, Alec Ross, playing out of Brae Burn Country Club, Walter Hagen, playing out of Rochester New York, and Francis OI. MET  
 (mispronouncing his name)  
 Playing out of... Mr. Hagen you are first on the tee.

The crowd CHEERS. Francis can only hear his own heart pounding...

## ANNOUNCER

Now on the tee, Mr. Francis ah-

## EDDIE

WE-MET!

## ANNOUNCER

Thank you son, that's Francis Ouimet.

He takes a practice swing trying to be loose. He takes a couple of deep breaths.

He eyes his target. He takes his swing and slices badly to behind a large tree, as the crowd moans. He frowns as he hurries off the tee away from the masses.

It starts to drizzle. Francis stretches his back as he walks toward his ball.

## EXT. SEVENTH FAIRWAY - FRIDAY DAY

7TH FAIRWAY - FRIDAY MORNING

As Francis walks down the fairway he is looking to see a distant scoreboard.

He hits a good shot to the center of the green, modest APPLAUSE is heard.

## EXT. SIXTEENTH TEE, PAR THREE - FRIDAY DAY

16<sup>TH</sup> TEE - FRIDAY MORNING

Francis and Eddie are wet as the light rain keeps coming. Hagen and Ross are under an umbrella. A distant ROAR is heard followed by APPLAUSE. Francis looks to find a scoreboard.

## EDDIE

You're playing good Francis. After fifty one holes. You have fourteen bad, two real bad marks and eight good.

## FRANCIS

I think we've moved up.

(a beat)

Ok, how far is this hole set up for today?

EDDIE

Purty far Francis, hit it hard.

FRANCIS

Just how far?

EDDIE

About to Billie's house.

FRANCIS

What?

EDDIE

It's about as far from my house to Billie's house.

FRANCIS

Well just how far is that?

EDDIE

Pretty damn far Francis, hit it hard!

FRANCIS

It's only a par three! Eddie try looking on the card, it gives you the yardage!

EDDIE

Oh yeah! Let's see

(a beat)

it says one four five.

FRANCIS

Give me the mashie niblick, I'm against the wind.

Eddie pulls out a club. Francis grabs the club. He hits a shot to the middle of the green. He is complimented by his playing partners.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - FRIDAY DAY

18TH FAIRWAY, THE LAST HOLE OF ROUND THREE - FRIDAY NOON

The wind howls, as the sky continues to blacken. Francis and Eddie are looking over a hundred and eighty yard shot. Eddie hands Francis the mid iron. Francis grabs it and smiles in recognition of his new found club course knowledge.

The crowd following the threesome has increased considerably. We hear words of encouragement being muddled from the crowd for Francis.

FRANCIS

(to himself)

Under the wind, keep it low, under the wind.

With the ball back in his stance, Francis takes a shorten back swing, his down stroke has

more punch to it than normal. He strikes the ball sharply.

The ball darts out to the right and low, then draws back towards the green. The ball takes two short bounces and rolls to within twelve feet of the flag. His small gallery CHEERS.

Hagen and Ross stand to the side to watch Francis putt. He lines up the putt from behind, then to the side, then from the front. He takes his usual unorthodox stance and barely touches the ball.

The ball picks up speed and curves several feet ... and trickles into the cup. APPLAUSE is heard.

Francis and Eddie walk to the scorers table. As they pass through the crowd, MUMBLING is heard as the well dressed Bostonians glare at them.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FRIDAY DAY

Horse hooves pound the wet cobble stones as the carriage comes to a stop. We BOOM up to see Arthur as the coachman.

TELLIER (O.S.)

Did you know that Ouimet is a French name.

We DOLLY past Arthur to reveal the passengers of Vardon, Ray, and Louis Tellier.

RAY

Wemet. What's a wemet?

VARDON

A Ouimet is something that is making a move I hear.

TELLIER

Where did he come from?

VARDON

Across the street I hear.

Arthur remains on the carriage listening.

RAY

Oh, the local yokel who had a lucky day yesterday.

VARDON

He's been consistent.

RAY

They all take their turn making runs at 'Arry and I but when the pressures on, they fold. He's some wet behind the ears kid. I'm more concerned about old Louis over there. He always seems to pull something out of the bag... Usually a frog!

He's the only one who laughs.

TELLIER

I see through you. You won't make me lose my composure like Reid. Your intimidation tactics are ungentlemanly.

Arthur climbs down.

RAY

Louis, it was just an harmless joke, like this Wemet kid right?

VARDON

Know when to quit, Ted.

Tellier hands the driver his fare.

TELLIER

Here you go my good man.

Arthur accepts the money as the others start to walk away.

ARTHUR

Ouimet is French/Canadian.

Ray looks back to him laughing.

RAY

No one will remember the little bloke's name by tomorrow.

Arthur climbs back in the carriage.

ARTHUR

Not no one.

They all suddenly stop at the size of the CROWD.

VARDON

Where the hell did they come from?

Arthur watches the crowd for a beat, then moves on. The club is an ocean of BOSTONIANS and more keeping coming in.

RAY

They came to see me or 'Arry make off with their countries silver cup.

VARDON

Or that kid has lots of neighbors.

The entrance is a bottleneck of Bostonians.

## EXT. SCORERS TABLE - FRIDAY DAY

Eddie pats Francis on the back. Mr. Wright and Eddie come up alongside Francis.

A crowd is gathered around the display as people try to see the scores being posted. The SCORER posts Francis' 74 as the low score of the third round so far.

WRIGHT

How are you doing son?

EDDIE

He's doing great Mr. Wright, only two marks to the bad.

WRIGHT

What does that mean?

SCOREKEEPER

That means he is only five strokes out of the lead. But there are still two players in front of him.

FRANCIS

So what does that mean?

SCOREKEEPER

It means you're in the last group of the day teeing off in about forty five minutes.

(a beat)

Kid, that means you're playing with Harry Vardon and Big Ted Ray.

Francis face drops. Thunder RUMBLES. The rain increases as parasols go up. Mr. Wright pats Francis on the back.

FRANCIS

Eddie, have you seen Stella?

STELLA (O.S.)

She's right besides you Knickers.

Stella looks lovely.

STELLA

I dressed for your victory party, What do you think?

EDDIE

Don't say that, bad luck.

FRANCIS

You look great thanks for coming.

EDDIE

Francis we gotta go to the range and practice.

Eddie pulls Francis away. Stella smiles as he drifts away. Bernard Darwin rushes by with his ENTOURAGE and other REPORTERS. The place is buzzing as the word spreads. People are running to tell others ... scrambling to the fairways.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

MONTAGE - STORE OWNERS close there stores ... BOSTONIANS run down the streets spreading the news ... PEDESTRIANS stop to find out what the commotion is ... windows and doors close ... MEN crank up the engines of their Model T's ... Horse carriages RUMBLE down the streets that fill up with EXCITED PEOPLE as the pandemonium spreads through all of Boston.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Raymond and Louise burst in the front door and run through the apartment. Mary is cleaning the downstairs bathroom. Arthur casually enters the back door.

RAYMOND/LOUISE

Ma, you just ain't gonna believe this.

She pulls the chain and the toilet flushes.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis leaves a small outhouse and walks behind it. He re-ties his old shoes. He pulls out his putter and re-wraps the string. He lifts up his shirt and re-ties the strips of cloth around his waist and lower back.

Francis makes his way towards the playing area now consumed with an OCEAN OF PEOPLE, more by the moment. He stops, stunned. He looks around for Eddie but does not see him. He glances back to the outhouses.

FRANCIS

Eddie?

INT. OUTHOUSE - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Eddie is vomiting into the hole.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis approaches the outhouse and listens. We hear GAGGING.

FRANCIS

Eddie, you OK? Is it nerves?

Eddie pops out of the outhouse and trips over the clubs as he spits. He jumps right up.

EDDIE

Whatta' we waiting for?

Eddie marches to the tee. Francis makes his way through the crowd. People recognize and begin APPLAUDING Francis as he makes his way through.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB (FIRST TEE) - DAY

1ST TEE OF THE FINAL ROUND, FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis makes it to the tee box. As he climbs the slope and steps through the ropes, he sees the WAVES OF SPECTATORS in all directions, except for the narrow green path of the fairway that lay ahead.

Francis turns and his face is level with the huge chest of Big Ted Ray. Ray blows smoke in his face, Francis COUGHS. A huge hand extends.

RAY

Edward Ray. Good luck laddy.

Francis' hand is lost in Ray's.

VARDON

Harry Vardon.

Vardon shakes hands with Francis.

FRANCIS

Yes, .. uh ... Mr. Vardon.

Harry looks back at Francis for just a second.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentleman, for the final pairing of the last round of the United States Open Golf Championship: On the first tee, Mr. Ted Ray!

The crowd CHEERS. Francis steps back, shaking nervously, and closes his eyes as people stare. He looks down at his trembling hands.

Eddie stands next to VARDON'S CADDY and looks over Vardon's finely crafted leather bag and perfectly varnished set of hickory clubs.

EDDIE

This here's our bad weather set. We gots clubs like that for sunny days. You ain't from 'round here are ya? See I can tell by them clothes and your funny talking. Don't it rain a lot where you from, like more than here? And it's real old over there I hear'ed, right? You ever get like crud and stuff growing on your feet or in your privates from all that rain and old stuff?

Vardon's Caddy looks down at Eddie as Francis elbows him. Ray takes no time, with pipe



in mouth he SMASHES the ball over a tree, two hundred and fifty yards away.

ANNOUNCER

Next on the tee, Mr. Harry Vardon.

The crowd CHEERS. Vardon swings totally free of effort to place his ball in a perfect spot, middle of fairway, two hundred and fifty yards away. He is cool and unaffected. He acknowledges the applause with grace and confidence. From the crowd: BEST IN THE WORLD. Vardon's caddy brushes a blade of grass from Vardon's coat.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

A dust mop dusts the window sill. Mary, in her house dress, pauses for a moment to look out the second story window towards The Country Club. She can see the crowd in the distance between the trees.

Arthur sits alone, tapping his fingers on the kitchen table. A deep ROAR of the crowd resonates through the apartment.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB (FIRST TEE) - DAY

Fingers tap the head of the driver. Francis lets the driver fall to the grass and moves towards the tee it slips from his hand in SLOW MOTION.

ANNOUNCER

Next on the tee Mr. Francis Ouimet..

The crowd's ROAR is deafening. Francis' HEARTBEAT starts to pound.

SLOW MOTION: Francis gazes at the people urging him on as the SOUND echoes lower to a LOW MUFFLED ROAR.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't hear them. I can't breath. I can't hear them.

SLOW MOTION: Vardon begins to examine Francis carefully.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't move. Oh God.

CROWD (O.S.)

(distorted and slow speed)

Do it for the US of A.

SLOW MOTION: Stella make her way to the ropes.

EDDIE

(distorted and slow speed)

Over the brook Francis!

SLOW MOTION: Francis stares at Stella.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Help me. I can't move.

SLOW MOTION: The driver is forced into Francis' hand by Eddie. The ROAR is still MUFFLED until we hear ...

STELLA

Hit it Knickers.

The crowd's ROAR returns to normal volume as Francis steps to the tee. With great effort, he takes a very quick swing, out of his normal tempo and tops the ball. The ball skids along the grass and to the right.

The crowd MOANS. A low roar of THUNDER is heard as the slight drizzle turns to rain.

The masses move with the three golfers as the crowd reacts to the weather and hustles along crossing the racetrack that cuts through the first fairway. Eddie, panting, catches up with Francis.

EXT. FIRST FAIRWAY - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis approaches his ball. He is first to hit being the farthest away.

EDDIE

How ya gonna get round that tree Francis?

FRANCIS

Gimme' the mashie.

Francis punches a low shot under the tree limb playing out to the fairway leaving two hundred yards to the green. The crowd MOANS.

FRANCIS

Sorry, ball. That's the best I could do with you.

CROWD (O.S.)

He's in trouble already.

Francis frowns and Eddie gives somebody the finger. Francis pulls his arm down.

EDDIE

Why'd ya hit it there?

Francis glares at Eddie. From the rough Ray hits an iron shot very hard, landing on the back of the Green. Vardon in perfect position hits a beautiful shot to the center of the green.

EXT. FIFTH FAIRWAY - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

5TH FAIRWAY - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

The rain has come. Umbrellas and parasols abound. Lighting crashes into a tree, knocking a branch to the ground, the crowd scatters.

CROWD (O.S.)

It looks like all England now.

Francis and Eddie approach a ball buried in twelve inches of thick grass on the side of the fairway. Fifty yards ahead in the fairway Ray and Vardon stand calmly under umbrellas held by their caddies.

The entire fairway is outlined by people all the way to the green. An opening in the crowd is created by the MARSHALS to allow Francis a view of the green from his position.

EDDIE

How ya gonna get that pisser outta that weed shit  
Francis?

FRANCIS

Gimme a niblick and stop cursing.

EDDIE

Ya won't reach it with a niblick.

FRANCIS

(resolutely)

Gimme the damn niblick.

Francis takes a hard swing and cringes in pain. The ball moves only twenty feet into the fairway. He approaches the ball and as the crowd scurries around.

CROWD (O.S.)

He's just a caddy.

FRANCIS

Gimme the mid iron.

Eddie hands him the long iron club. Breathing hard, lines up his shot. The flag is hidden behind the edge of the bunker, the green slopes severely.

CROWD

He's gotta go for it, he's too far behind.

Francis steps up to the ball, eyes the green, and takes a smooth swing. The ball, hit solidly, starts out to the center of the green, draws slightly, lands on the fringe, rolls to the left as it takes the slope.

FRANCIS

Stay up there ball!

It skids off into the left side bunker. The crowd MOANS. Francis walks with his head down. Stella and Eddie follow along dealing with the growing crowd.

CROWD (O.S.)

He's blown it, it was a fluke that he even got  
here. He's just a kid.

The rain increases as lightning CRASHES. Francis and Eddie slosh through the mud.

SLOW MOTION: Eddie trips, falls in a puddle, the bag strap breaks and the clubs scatter on the ground. Francis and Eddie pick them up and put them back in the soggy canvas bag. They are drenched to the bone and cold.

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Francis sits at the piano but his hands do not play

EXT. FIFTH FAIRWAY - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

A SPECTATOR hands Eddie an umbrella. Robert Watson steps in and takes the umbrella away.

WATSON

I'm sorry Francis, once the tournament has started a player can not add to his equipment.

The secret service agents clear a path for former President Taft.

EDDIE

Who's the fat guy with the gorillas?

FRANCIS

That's the former President you ninny?

EDDIE

The President of what?

PRESIDENT TAFT

It's between the two Brits now I'm afraid.

INT. OUIMET APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Mary walks into the kitchen and looks at Arthur.

MARY

That boy just doesn't have a chance out there, against those fine English gentlemen and all.

Arthur looks away.

MARY

I sure don't know where he got his stubborn side, he's being so foolish.

Mary opens a closet door.

MARY

I bet those Country Club members are hotter than all get out that a poor boy is causing such a stir over there.

( a beat)

I bet there's a lot of rich Brookline members just

praying he'll make a fool out of himself.

Mary pulls a hat out of the closet.

MARY

I'm sure those rich folks are teaching Francis a lesson. He's got no more business being over there than -

ARTHUR

- Oh hush Mother, what do those sons of bitching bastards over there know anyway? Where's my damn hat?

Arthur gets up in a flurry and steps to the closet. Mary hands him his hat. Arthur grabs it and storms out the back door. Mary smiles as she puts on her coat.

EXT. NINTH GREEN - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

9TH GREEN - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Ray and Vardon are standing next to their balls on the green. Ray is smoking. Their caddies hold umbrellas over them.

Massive puddles collect on the green, as explosive thunder CRASHES from the darkened sky.

Francis is standing at the edge of the green looking down into a green side bunker that has a very severe drop.

His ball sits in a puddle at the bottom of the bunker fifteen feet below the edge. Francis carefully makes his way down into the bunker holding his back. He disappears from view. The crowd stirs. Eddie looks down at Francis.

EDDIE

That old foreign guy said they call this hole the Himalaya. Sounds dirty don't it?

Francis can not see the green nor the flag.

FRANCIS

It's a mountain. Shut up Eddie.  
Now ball, why won't you listen? Maybe if I smash you good you'll do what I say.

He takes his stance and strikes the ball with a vicious upward blow.

The hickory shaft on the niblick snaps in two. As the ball flies out of the bunker to the left, he GROANS in pain and falls to all fours. The crowd GASPS. Eddie's face drops.

Francis picks up the broken club and struggles to climb out of the bunker sliding in the wet sand as he goes.

As he appears out of the bunker he sees that his ball is on the edge of the green fifty feet away from the pin.

RAY

Still ye're turn lad.

Francis nods. As he takes his putting stance, Vardon fingers his handlebar moustache curiously.

Francis chips the ball to within ten feet from the cup. The crowd does not react.

CROWD (O.S.)

Nice try kid. Good run laddy.

Francis and Eddie, with dripping and muddy clothes hanging from their limp bodies, proceed slowly to the tenth tee. Eddie is barely able to carry the strapless bag.

He trips. Francis helps Eddie up as he rubs his back. Francis lifts his head. His eyes meet the face of a smiling Wellsley, arms crossed. Wellsley is surrounded by his friends. Jack Sullivan moves towards Francis. Wellsley holds him back.

EXT. TENTH TEE - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

10TH TEE - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

It is still raining. Breathing heavily, Francis and Eddie stagger up the slope.

ANNOUNCER

(megaphone)

After sixty three holes of golf, with nine holes to play, Mr. Vardon leads Mr. Ouimet by seven strokes, and Mr. Ray by two. Mr. Vardon it is your honor.

The crowd APPLAUDS politely. On the tee box, Francis bends at the waist, rubbing his lower back. As he slowly rises and grimaces, he does a double take. Through the crowd he spots a face, then it's gone. He looks again. No familiar face. He looks again.

Francis sees the partially obscured face of Arthur. He anxiously walks towards his father as Mary and Stella look on.

FRANCIS

Dad what are you doing here?

ARTHUR

I came to see you son.

FRANCIS

I'm sorry Dad.

(a beat)

Maybe you were -

ARTHUR

- Hey! You be sorry 'bout nothin' son. You done real good, real good.

(tearing up))

You show em son! You show ‘em what a  
 Ouimet’s got. YOU show ‘em what’s in your  
 heart.

Arthur hugs Francis.

ARTHUR

I’m with ya Francis. I’m with ya now.

FRANCIS

Dad I -

ARTHUR

- Go ‘head, now. You smack that little ball with  
 your sticks son. You smack the best you know  
 how and hold your head high. You hold your  
 head high.

Eddie pulls at Francis.

EDDIE

Francis we’re up, come on!

Lightening CRASHES as the rain keeps pouring. Francis walks briskly to the tee. Francis  
 looks in the crowd and spots Arthur. Arthur nods in a strong sense of encouragement.  
 Francis nods back.

EDDIE

That was a good speech there by your old man  
 Francis but forgot that hold your head high stuff.  
 You gotta keep your head down.

Francis pulls Eddie's hat down over his face. He takes a deep breath. He pulls the broken  
 niblick from the bag and throws it to the ground. He grabs his driver.

Francis turns to make eye contact with Ray. Ray laughs. Francis turns towards Vardon.  
 Vardon looks at him curiously.

Francis takes two deep breathes. He steps back, eyes closed, fingering the old hickory  
 shafted club. He runs his hands down the shaft to the club head. He covers the club head  
 with his hands. .

Ray looks at him with a grimacing look on his face. Vardon looks at him with a very faint  
 awareness. Francis looks to the sky. We hear the distant SYMPHONY.

FRANCIS

(to himself)

Relax.. Relax..

(a beat)

Find the light, see the shot, let it happen.

(a beat)

Pure swing.

The surrounding sounds soften to silence as a HEART BEAT is heard.

FRANCIS

(to himself)

See the shot.

Francis swings. The ball streaks down the fairway in rapid flight, bouncing many times and coming to rest in perfect position as the crowd CHEERS. Eddie encourages the crowd.

Francis charges down the fairway, head up, Eddie trying quickly to keep up. Lighting and thunder CRASH.

Vardon, walking along side eyes Francis intensely. Ray pays no attention.

EXT. TENTH FAIRWAY - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis approaches his ball. Without pausing he sends the ball very high landing three feet over the pin. The ball backs up to within one foot. The crowd APPLAUDS.

Arthur, deep in the bustling crowd, nods in approval. He elbows a very sophisticated gentleman in the side.

ARTHUR

That's my son.

The gentlemen looks at Arthur. Arthur smiles. A circle of muscular men surrounding the individual moves to protect him.

PRESIDENT TAFT

That was some shot.

Ray three putts from the fringe in a frustrating manner. Vardon hits a good putt that rims out.

Francis steps up and knocks his in. He walks off the green paying no attention to his opponents. He turns to Eddie

FRANCIS

That's one.

EXT. ELEVENTH TEE - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis, with the honor, drives his tee shot forcefully into the rain. The ball disappears from sight. The crowd reacts more.

EDDIE

That's it Francis, just keep your head down and your eye on the ball.

FRANCIS

Ya, Eddie, all three eyes. All three on the ball.

Francis smiles at Eddie. Eddie wonders. Francis charges up a fairway, splashing through the puddles as the gallery closes in from the rear. The SPLASHING sound of the water dissolves to the sound of FLOWING WATER.

Francis is entranced with the water as his concentration moves to a deeper level.



## EXT. ELEVENTH FAIRWAY - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis' ball is on the left side of the fairway under a tree limb. Eddie hands him his mashie. Francis puts it back in the bag and grabs his brassie.

He takes a long, smooth swing and the ball darts out under the limb. Staying low, it draws to the left and rolls onto the distant green five feet from the flag. The REVERBERATIONS from the crowd resonate through the trees.

Ray, seeing Francis' shot, takes a huge lunge at his shot sending it way over the green into the tall grass. He slams his club to the ground.

Vardon stands looking at Francis charging up the fairway and then looks at a SCOREKEEPER holding a long stick with a scoreboard on it.

It reads: VARDON +15 RAY +18 OUIMET +21. Vardon's Caddy looks at Vardon.

## VARDON CADDY

Pay no attention tee 'im 'Arry, ye got six shots  
'in eight ta' play. Ye' play ye're game now.

Vardon has the look of determination on his face as he hits a fine shot one foot inside Francis's ball.

## EXT. ELEVENTH GREEN - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis discovers that Vardon's ball is in direct line with his to the hole. Vardon smiles.

## CROWD (O.S.)

He's stymied, Vardon's ball is in his way.

Francis stalks the shot from back, front and the side. He hands his putter back to Eddie and grabs his mashie.

Eddie has a dumbfounded look on his face. Vardon and Ray frown.

## VARDON

This laddy is as stubborn as a Scot.

Francis hits down on the ball with his mashie. The ball pops up in the air and lands in the cup on the fly.

The crowd ROARS. With deafening CHEERING going on Francis grabs his ball out of the hole and tips his cap to the adoring crowd. Eddie takes a bow.

## CROWD

Do it Francis.

A rattled Ray misses his putt badly. Vardon leaves his putt two inches short and brushes off the miss.

Eddie looks at the SCOREKEEPER as he changes the score to read: VARDON +15 RAY +18 OUIMET +20. Eddie looks down at his five fingers.

EXT. BACK NINE - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

MONTAGE - Francis making perfect swings. The ball landing in the center of the green. Francis sinking puts. Vardon tipping his hat to Francis in sportsmanlike congratulations.

The score reads: VARDON +16 RAY +18 OUIMET +17.

EXT. SEVENTEENTH TEE - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

17TH TEE - FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Darwin approaches Vardon.

DARWIN

Settle down Harry. You're playing for the Crown's honor now, you can do it.

VARDON

Zachary, the Crown's bloody honor is the King's business. I'm playing golf here with this fine gentleman ...

Vardon points his club at Francis.

VARDON

And we're having a jolly good time at it. And I gotta be thinking he's not playing this round thinking about sales figures and balance sheets and labels on underwear or the King's damn honor now is he? Excuse me while I tee off for God, King, Country and the new mens wear line featuring plaid.

He pats Vardon on the back.

DARWIN

Ok Harry. OK.

Darwin lifts the rope and takes his place to watch. Arthur moves up to the tee box.

ARTHUR

Straight as an arrow son!

Francis looks at Arthur and smiles, then eyes the fairway.

CROWD (O.S.)

Will he cut the corner?

VARDON

You bet ye'll cut the corner.

Vardon's caddy nods in agreement. Lighting flashes, thunder ROARS. Vardon lights a

cigarette and fidgets with the clubs in his bag.

Francis sets himself and closes his eyes. He drowns out the crowd NOISE. He hits a perfect draw around the fairway bunker guarding the dogleg left.

VARDON

Perfect shot lad. Ye hang in there.

The ball lands just over the edge of the bunker and rolls to the center of the fairway.

FRANCIS

Thanks Mr. Vardon. Be what you think.

Vardon drops his cigarette and steps on it. He looks at Francis curiously but he still does not put it together.

VARDON

That be right lad. That be bloody right.

Vardon sets. Francis watches Vardon intensely. Vardon's shot rises high in the air but catches the lip of the bunker and stays in. The crowd stirs.

Ray quickly steps up, throws his pipe to the ground, takes a mighty swing pulling the ball severely left deep into the thick forest.

RAY

Damn! Bloody thing won't listen.

He slams his club to the ground and storms off. Francis' family entourage fidget and bump into people as the tension is making them crazy. The masses moves down the fairway as Wellsley mopes along with his head down.

EXT. SEVENTEENTH FAIRWAY - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Vardon surveys his shot from within the bunker from one hundred forty five yards out. He eyes the large, tall front lip on the bunker. Vardon's caddy hands him a niblick, he nods.

Vardon plays out to the fairway, one hundred yards from the green. Ray is stomping through the woods looking for his ball cursing.

Francis steps up to his shot, settles, closes his eyes to visualize the shot, opens his eyes and plays a jigger to fifteen feet.

VARDON'S CADDY

That bloke has read ye're book "Arry.

VARDON

Eye. And I don't have a book yet.

Vardon plays a niblick to six feet.

EXT. SEVENTEENTH GREEN - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Ray picks his ball out of the hole as he looks to the scorekeeper starting to erase his score.

Francis lines up his putt as Vardon stares at his stance. Vardon looks up at the sky, curiously.

Francis notices that his ball is full of mud. The crowd's low ROAR falls to silence as we hear his HEART.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't hear them now. It's full of mud. It won't roll. I can't win. I shouldn't be here.

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Francis plays the music ...

EXT. SEVENTEENTH GREEN - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

The Music stops. Francis closes his eyes

POV FRANCIS - Blackness.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Oh God why are you taking so long? I can't see anything. I can't hear the music.

Francis opens his eyes, then closes them again.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

Pure. Let it be the pure stroke.

POV FRANCIS - A wobbly blue sphere appears. Faint MUSIC.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

There you are. Now go on your way.

POV FRANCIS - The wobbly sphere falls into blackness.

Francis strokes the putt in SLO MO.

The ball wobbles down the hill taking the six foot break and trickles into the hole. The crowd ROARS.

Vardon makes his six footer amongst a delirious crowd NOISE.

As Francis and Eddie walk to the Eighteenth tee spectators pat them on the back. Eddie's face is lit up as he drags the soggy bag.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH TEE - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

18<sup>TH</sup> TEE - FRIDAY AFTERNOON, THE FINAL HOLE OF THE U.S. OPEN

On the tee, Francis gazes into the crowd. He sees Stella smiling at him. Behind him we see the scoreboard; VARDON +16 RAY +20 OUIMET +16.

Francis sets. Eddie leans over to him in SLO MO. We hear his HEART and BREATHING. As Eddie is about to speak we hear ...

STELLA

(slow motion)

It's just you and your friend the golf course,  
Knickers, just you. Only you.

EDDIE

(slow motion)

That's it Francis, it's just you.

Francis bends down and places his tee and ball. He stands and waggles his driver.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't hear anything. I can't feel my arms ...

Francis looks up and connects with Vardon. Vardon has his game face on. Francis turns to the fairway, his target, his only world at this frozen moment in time.

POV FRANCIS: The masses ROAR turns to a HUM, their faces distort to a blur. The fairway radiates hues of green and blue. The ball on the tee is golden. The glowing fairway ... then golden ball ... stillness and silence ... total silence then ... WOOSH ... a blur enters FRAME from the right and the golden ball is BLASTED. We turn to the glowing fairway and the missile splits it. HEARTBEAT, then ANOTHER HEARTBEAT ... then ANOTHER.

The Crowd ROARS. Francis exhales and watches the ball dance down the fairway.

Francis steps to the side as Vardon gets off a good drive very close to Francis's ball. Ray, dejected, slices badly to the right.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

As Francis marches down the eighteenth fairway the crowd totally surrounds Vardon and Francis so that they are walking in a small opening. Marshals hurry to guard the players balls from the frantic crowd.

CROWD (O.S.)

USA, USA.

MARSHALS with their megaphones YELL for the crowd to clear the way. Francis looks for Stella and his father as he parades down the fairway.

Vardon is first to hit. The crowd clears and settles to complete silence. The rain has subsided. Vardon very deliberately and slowly lines up his shot.

He hits a flawless mashie with beautiful tempo to fifteen feet of the flag and holds for a moment ... then catches the hill and rolls to the back of the green, fifty feet from the flag. The crowd gives him modest APPLAUSE.

Stella and Eddie, nervously try to break through the crowd. The excited crowd is moving quickly. Some spectators start running. Arthur tries to keep up.

Francis looks into the crowd. Does not see a familiar face. Eddie notices his gazing as the crowd becomes dead still awaiting his shot.

EDDIE

Francis it's up to you. Keep your eye on the ball and your hands in your heart. Er' heart on hands or something. Damn, Stella said I should say it but I don't talk like that. Shit, hit it good.

FRANCIS

Thanks Eddie.

Francis takes the mashie from Eddie and holds it up in reverence. As he feels the club head, Vardon stares. Francis looks around for his family but it is a mad house and they are not to be found. Francis closes his eyes and sets ... he opens his eyes.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't hear you now. Where are you?

Francis eyes the flag and ball. He BREATHES.

POV FRANCIS: On the ball and club. The club waggles.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't breath. I'm suffocating. What happened to the air? Where is the air? Swing the club, Francis just swing like you have a million times. Don't think. Stop thinking. Release it. No, that's thinking. Stop thinking ... That's it no thought ... just nothing ...

POV FRANCIS: The club is still. It draws back.

SLOW MOTION: Francis is at the top of his back swing and all is SILENT until ...

Wellsley COUGHS intentionally loud throwing off Francis' timing.

SLOW MOTION: The club strikes in a downward blow to a THUD, tearing a deep divot as Francis's body releases the club through the shot. He EXHALES.

The ball veers off line and lands to the side of the green behind a tree ... a loud UHH is heard from the crowd. The MUSIC stops. Eddie stomps his foot down and turns trying to find the culprit that coughed.

Francis knows he is in trouble and stares at the ground as the ocean of people move towards the green. Eddie tries to keep up with the teenager in knickers (from the first scene) as he splashes his way forward.

EDDIE (V.O.)

So this was it. I can't remember any more things Francis said.

The paw of a hand on Eddie's back belongs to Arthur who smiles down at him.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I just wished I was by that outhouse now.

EXT. EIGHTEENTH GREEN - LATE FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Francis watches Vardon, who feels the stare and glances back at Francis. They smile at each other. Vardon slowly goes to work like the master he is.

Vardon walks around Francis' ball and sees that he has no direct line to the flag, stymied by the tree, an impossible shot. As he passes by Francis ...

VARDON

Moments in time laddy. Do you feel alive? Like your stealing extra life ...

FRANCIS

Hearing the symphony ... feeling the flow.

That causes Vardon to pause for a moment. Ray putts out and walks off the green. Darwin looks over the ball positions.

DARWIN

Mr. Vardon is away. Please play away.

Vardon slows his pace down and lines up the double breaking, downhill putt.

Francis experiences the moment as his attention goes from his ball on the green to everything around him happening all at once and he sees, smells, tastes, hears, everything SLOWLY.

Vardon hits the putt far to the right it takes the slope and swings three feet to the left rimming the cup and kicking left one foot. He shakes his head once and taps in the par.

Eddie slides a niblick and putter from the bag. Vardon walks to the side of the green, giving way to Francis as Eddie crosses his path and bumps him. Eddie drops Francis's putter in front of Vardon.

Vardon reaches down and picks it up. He looks at it closely. A look of recognition comes over his face. He looks at Francis. Francis smiles and nods. Vardon walks over to Francis and hands him the putter.

VARDON

I believe this is yours my friend.

Francis lines up the shot, targeting a spot to the right of the flag for the chip to leave himself a twenty footer to tie. Francis takes the niblick from Eddie.

Arthur, holding hands with Mary, struggles to break through the crowd with Raymond and Louise. Stella is jumping up and down trying to get a view.

ARTHUR

I see him out there Mary, but I don't believe it.

Stella joins the Ouimets. Filtering to the front of the crowd are Jack Sullivan and Mr.

Wright.

Francis address the ball and closes his eyes. Vardon smiles as he shakes his head.

CROWD (O.S.)

Francis, Francis.

Wellsley's friends are now joining the cheer. Wellsley's expression is stone.

Francis opens his eyes to see the line of shot. The sun breaks out from the clouds and lights up the green. The crowd goes silent. Francis' family is ushered to the green by the secret service agents and President Taft.

President Taft rests his hands on Louise. Stella leans down and whispers something in Louise's ear.

Francis closes his eyes to a bright blue light and sees Louise's face faintly as he hears ...

LOUISE

See it go in Knickers!

FRANCIS (V.O.)

See it. Just .... see .... it. Let go ... How can I see it go in? I'm not even trying to make it. I can't see it.

With his eyes CLOSED Francis draws back the niblick and stops.

POV FRANCIS: It is black. The CROWD SOUND is muffled.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

I can't hear anything. Where is it? I can't hear it. I can't see it.

SLOW MOTION: Francis opens his eyes as the crowd goes QUIET. Wellsley's friends put their hands over Wellsley's mouth. Francis looks around and sees his family. He turns and looks at Vardon.

Francis closes his eyes again.

FRANCIS' VISUALIZATION: The green is lit up by sun breaking through the clouds and the MUSIC plays ... the ball skips over the grass and hits an adjacent tree, deflecting away.

FRANCIS (V.O.)

You belong here. You belong.

Francis approaches Eddie and hands him the niblick and takes the putter. Francis walks behind his ball, and to the amazement of all onlookers, turns towards an adjacent tree.

ARTHUR

Make it Knickers!

Francis addresses the ball and aims towards the tree and closes his eyes. Vardon smiles and nods to himself, then looks to the sky.

Francis hits down on the putter and the ball skips over the grass, takes a hop striking the



tree and ricochets towards the flag.

The ball takes the first slope slowly, sliding to the left. The ball swings off the second slope to the right and is heading for the cup. With the speed dying the ball catches the lip, swings around the cup, hangs...

FRANCIS

Feel the flow.

Francis opens his eyes to see the ball.. fall in.

Francis falls to his knees, then leaps into the air as the putter goes flying. Eddie hugs Francis. Francis runs to the cup and pulls out the ball.

Francis turns to see Arthur, Mary, Eddie, Louise and Raymond coming towards him. They all tearfully embrace.

The crowd, swarming the green, surrounds the Ouimet family. Francis is lifted to the shoulders of his adoring fans. Francis waves to Mr. Wright as he is paraded around, his family following closely behind.

Francis suddenly sees Stella in joyous tears. He reaches for her. Without a word, he grabs her and kisses her passionately.

An OFFICIAL approaches Francis and hands him the massive silver cup. He hoists it in the air as the crowd roars.

CROWD (O.S.)

USA, USA, USA.

Mary hugs Stella. The crowd continues it's celebration.

DARWIN

(yelling at Francis)

When will you join the professional tour?

Francis looks at Vardon. Their eyes meet. Francis smiles.

FRANCIS

My family needs me here.

Vardon salutes Francis. Francis reaches for Stella's hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. ANDREWS 1951 - DAY

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT, ST. ANDREWS SCOTLAND 1951

A large CROWD moves forward, towards the front lawn of the old club house to gain a better view. An elderly GENTLEMAN moves to the podium.

## GENTLEMAN

(Scottish accent)

Today is a momentous day. For the first time in the history of St. Andrews, we are here to elect a captain of The Royal and Ancient that does not reign from the British Isles!

(a beat)

Although he is not a professional golfer, he certainly could have been. This man has won many a battle against the worlds greatest professionals, from OUR greatest players. Always humble, always the gentleman, this man has exemplified what our great game is all about, to play for the sport of it. One of the games greatest players, Mr. Francis Ouimet.

The crowd CHEERS.

Francis and Stella, now in their late fifties, move out of the crowd behind the podium. With them are their grown DAUGHTERS. Patting the girls on the head is a man in his late forties. His name tag reads: EDWARD LOWERY.

Francis steps to the podium. The crowd ROARS. He turns and looks at Stella. She starts clapping. A broad smile comes to Francis' face. Francis can not get any words out except:

## FRANCIS

Thank you for your grace and kindness. My family, and I thank you.

## GENTLEMAN

Mr. Ouimet, it is our tradition to bestow our new captain with the Royal Red Coat.

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN carries the beautiful red coat through the crowd. The coat has long tails and is trimmed with gold buttons and a gold pin on the lapel.

The Elderly Gentleman slowly emerges from the crowd and makes his way to the podium. Francis turns to see Harry Vardon, now in his eighties and much smaller, move towards him with the coat.

The crowd goes silent. Vardon moves to the podium.

## VARDON

I once met a boy that didn't know what he could not do. He would not listen to those who knew more. For, as loud as the voices became, he could not hear them.

(a beat)

With no fear of failure, motivated by the sheer joy of the moment, this boy moved towards what he loved.

(a beat)

For this boy lived as if he was ... then went out  
and became it.

Vardon lifts the coat for the crowd to see. They APPLAUD.

VARDON

Today we elect a friend, a Champion. On behalf  
of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St.  
Andrews, Scotland I hereby elect you, Mr.  
Francis Desalles Ouimet, Captain.  
Congratulations, we thank YOU.

Vardon helps Francis put on the coat. Vardon gives Francis a hug. A tear forms in Francis  
eye as he looks at Stella and his girls ... and smiles. Francis touches the pin. It is a golden  
golf ball ... and it glows.

FADE TO GREEN:

THE END